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ROBERT LLOYD

THE POETICAL WORKS

GREGG INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHERS LIMITED

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ROBERT LLOYD, A.M.

To which is prefixed an Account of the

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF THE AUTHOR.

BY W. KENRICK, LL.D.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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PREFACE.

THE Hiſtory of Letters affords not a more ſtriking inſtance of that caprice, by which the public are frequently actuated in regard to their encouragement of men of genius, than the neglect, which the poetical productions of the late Mr. Robert Lloyd have met with, from the time of his deceaſe.

The circumſtance of ſeeing the remaining copies of his ſubſcription poems, in Quarto, lately diſpoſed of at an inconſiderable value, could not fail to excite in a ſpectator, poſſeſſed of any portion of taſte, a kind of indignation at the groſſneſs of popular inattention to ſuch diſtinguiſhed merit. The indignation thus caſually rouſed, could as little fail to be increaſed by the remarkable applauſe, at the ſame time, laviſhly beſtowed on very inferiour writers.

On reflecting, however, that the works of this desultory genius, disseminated through a variety of miscellaneous publications, had not the advantage of any peculiar proprietor, whose inclination and interest might lead him to present them in a convenient form to the public, I was led to retract the suspicion, my temerity had suggested, of the public taste.

As the best atonement for such temerity, I imposed on myself the task of collecting his scattered performances, and of committing a correct edition of them to the press. In the execution of this design arose many difficulties. It was not easy to determine the genuine productions of so various and unequal a writer; nor, when that was decided, to determine whether the author's reputation did not require them rather to be suppressed than published.

The

The diſcredit which poſthumous publications have done their deceaſed authors, hath reflected no honour, particularly of late, to their officious editors. I wiſhed, therefore, to make a much more ſparing and ſelect collection than that which is now ſubmitted to the reader. It might have done more credit to the Editor's taſte and the Author's Genius: but, on conſidering the fluctuating ſtate of literary property, and the propenſity of typographical adventurers to take advantage of literary reputation, it was judged expedient, in order to give a complete collection of Mr. Lloyd's poems, to inſert ſome pieces avowed and publickly known to be genuine, though in point of compoſition and correctneſs unworthy the writer's pen.

There is merit enough in his more finiſhed pieces to compenſate for all the defects the ſeverer critick may find in others; as even the moſt unfiniſhed are replete with

diſtinguiſhing marks of genius, and never fail to diſplay that eaſy flow and happy turn of verſification for which the author was ſo generally and juſtly admired.

The characters and circumſtances he occaſionally introduces are ſo public or recent, that I have purpoſely foreborn to intrude unneceſſary, and therefore impertinent, annotations: ſatisfied in the reflection that in faithfully performing the office of a mere Editor, I pay ſome part of the tribute due to the memory of an excellent poet, and lay every reader of true taſte under ſome obligation for the pleaſure he muſt derive from the peruſal of our author's truly poetical productions.

W. KENRICK.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF THE

AUTHOR.

"HE that writes the life of another," ſays the IDLER, "is either his friend or his "enemy, and wiſhes either to exalt his "praiſe or aggravate his diſgrace." This is a ſtrange aſſertion, and would be much ſtranger if it were true. There is neither a moral nor phyſical neceſſity that Indifference, with reſpect to perſons, and Impartiality, with regard to facts, may not ſometimes take place in the breaſt of the biographer. If this ever was the caſe, I will venture to ſay it is ſo with the preſent writer; who was too diſtant an acquaintance of Mr. Lloyd's to be called his friend, though not ſo diſtant from being his friend, as to be his enemy.

It is a juſter obſervation of the ſame author, that the ſedentary life of the ſtudent ſo widely differs from the active life of the man of buſineſs, that the hiſtory of the former ſeldom affords the reader the like inſtruction or amuſement.

Unhappily for Mr. Lloyd, though never engaged in the active ſcenes of buſineſs, to afford a diverſified tale of entertaining adventures, his life was not ſo uniform as to be wholly unchequered with change of circumſtance, or deſtitute of that diverſity of incident, which may afford the moſt inſtructive and uſeful leſſon to men of letters and ingenuity; particularly to thoſe who devote themſelves to the Muſes.

Mr. Robert Lloyd was the ſon of the reverend Dr. Lloyd, ſecond maſter of Weſtminſter-ſchool; by whom he was ſo early initiated in the claſſics, that his fertile genius ſoon became pregnant with the ſtores of

of Greek and Roman literature. Thus qualified, he repaired, at a proper age, from Weſtminſter to Oxford; where he purſued his ſtudies, and made ſuch an occaſional diſplay of his genius, as to reflect no little credit on his tutorage, if not ſome honour on the Univerſity; which in due time conferred on him the degree of Maſter of Arts.

From Oxford Mr. Lloyd returned to Weſtminſter-ſchool; in which he for ſome time aſſiſted his father, as an uſher in that learned ſeminary. With this ſituation, the duties of which he was particularly well qualified to diſcharge, he appears, nevertheleſs, to have been highly diſſatisfied.

—Were I at once impower'd to ſhew
My utmoſt vengeance on my foe,
To puniſh with extremeſt rigour,
I could inflict no penance bigger
Than uſing him as learning's tool,
To make him Uſher of a ſchool.—

For me, it hurts me to the ſoul
To brook confinement or controul,
Still to be pinion'd down to teach
The ſyntax and the parts of ſpeech;
Or, what perhaps is drudging worſe,
The links, and joints, and rules of verſe;
To deal out authors by retale
Like penny pots of Oxford ale;
—Oh! 'tis a ſervice irkſome more
Than tugging at the ſlaviſh oar!

If our author's motive for relinquiſhing this irkſome ſtation were really what he aſſigns, in the ſubſequent lines, his deſire of farther improving his own mind inſtead of vainly attempting the improvement of others,

Of working on a barren ſoil,
And lab'ring with inceſſant pains
To cultivate a blockhead's brains;

If ſuch, I ſay, were his motive, it was a laudable one!

For ſuch *his* taſk, a diſmal truth!
Who watches o'er the bent of youth;

And

And while a paltry ſtipend earning,
He ſows the richeſt ſeeds of learning,
And tills *their* minds with proper care,
And ſees them their due produce bear,
No joys, alas! his toil beguile,
His *own* lies fallow all the while!

It is more than probable, however, that this impatience of reſtraint and diſguſt at ſcholaſtic confinement, were heightened by the author's intimacy with his fellow collegians, thoſe excentric geniuſes Meſſrs. Churchill, Thornton and Benſley; whoſe congenial talents and diſpoſition might ſerve to encourage each other in the purſuit of ſuch youthful amuſements, as inſenſibly betrayed them into a liberality of life and converſation, which the prudential part of the world perhaps too ſeverely condemned.

For let a man of parts be wrong,
'Tis triumph to the leaden throng.
The fools ſhall cackle out reproof,
The very aſs ſhall raiſe his hoof;

And

And he who holds in his poſſeſſion,
The ſingle virtue of diſcretion,
Who knows no overflow of ſpirit,
Whoſe want of paſſions is his merit,
Whom wit and taſte and judgment flies,
Shall ſhake his noddle and *ſeem* wiſe.

It is nevertheleſs a melancholy reflection, and ſufficiently mortifying to men of parts and genius, that every one of his ſpirited companions fell, with himſelf, a ſacrifice, in the prime of life, to the want of that diſcretion in themſelves, which they ſo wittily ridiculed and as imprudently deſpiſed in others.

Dr. Swift obſerves, " that there is no talent ſo uſeful towards riſing in the world, or which puts men more out of the reach of fortune, than that quality generally poſſeſſed by the dulleſt ſort of people, and is in common ſpeech called *diſcretion*; a ſpecies of lower *prudence*, by the aſſiſtance of which, people of the meaneſt intellectuals, without

without any other qualifications, paſs through the world in great tranquility, and with univerſal good treatment, neither giving nor taking offence."

The example of the indiſcreet fraternity of geniuſes above-mentioned, may ſerve to corroborate the truth of this obſervation, by affording a ſtriking contraſt to the behaviour exemplified by that ſhrewd obſerver of human life and manners, the ſarcaſtic Dean.

In juſtice however to men of Genius, it may be obſerved, as a venerable Biſhop of the Gallican Church once did to the volatile Voltaire, that the world is too much obliged to them for the pleaſure and improvement reſulting from their productions, not to forgive them many perſonal, though moral, imperfections.

Lord

Lord Orrery goes ſo far as gravely to exculpate the immorality of men of uncommon parts, by philoſophically accounting for their deviation from thoſe common principles of action, which influence ordinary minds. But though genius, like charity, may be allowed to hide a multitude of ſins, I cannot ſubſcribe to his Lordſhip's ſyſtem of exculpation.

The firſt performance which eſtabliſhed Mr. Lloyd's reputation as a poet, and of courſe rendered him reſpectable in the literary world, was the ACTOR, addreſſed to his then intimate and liberal friend Mr. Thornton. This is one of his beſt productions; in which he paſſes very high encomiums both on Mr. Garrick and Mr. Thornton; diſplaying, as on many other occaſions, a ſtrong attachment and moſt friendly regard for both; which in the ſequel was but ill-requited.

It is ſuppoſed that the reputation Mr. Lloyd acquired by this poem, firſt ſtimulated his friend Churchill to enter the liſts of poetical fame, and write his celebrated *Roſciad*. The ſuperior popularity of this piece gave our Author at firſt ſome little diſguſt; but, on the farther exertion of Mr. Churchill's abilities, the ſuperiority in force of numbers and power of imagery, appearing ſo greatly on the ſide of his friend, Mr. Lloyd, with the modeſty becoming real genius, and the complacency of a diſpoſition untainted by envy, joined the reſt of his admirers, in the unlimited applauſe beſtowed on that eminent Poet.

The proof our author gave on this occaſion, of his poſſeſſing a conſiderable portion of that moſt valuable ſcientific quality, ſo rarely to be met with, *ſelf-knowledge*, is characteriſtically and happily ſtruck off in the following lines.

For

For me who labour with poetic ſin,
Who often woo the muſe I cannot win,
Whom pleaſure firſt a willing poet made,
And folly ſpoilt by taking up the trade,
Pleas'd I behold ſuperior genius ſhine,
Nor ting'd with envy wiſh that genius mine.
To CHURCHILL's muſe can bow with decent awe,
Admire his mode, nor make that mode my law:
Both may, perhaps, have various pow'rs to pleaſe;
Be his the STRENGTH of NUMBERS mine the EASE.

This ingenuous conceſſion on the part of Mr. Lloyd, appears to have ſo far endeared him to Churchill, that, to uſe the expreſſion of one of their common friends*, they were inſeparable, one ſentiment governing the minds, and one purſe adminiſtring to the wants of both. The ſame writer deſcribes Mr. Lloyd as of a tacit diſpoſition, reſerved and attentive; he took much ſnuff, ſays he, and would often ſit the auditor of converſation rather than the promoter.

* Capt. E. Thompſon.

On

On the ſame authority, we are told, of an invitation which Mr. Lloyd received from a nobleman, celebrated in the republic of letters, requeſting his company to dinner; as he was a great admirer of his reputed wit and genius: the invitation being accepted, Mr. Lloyd, to the great diſappointment of the noble peer, uttered not a ſyllable during the whole entertainment.

I am the more tempted to doubt the truth of this Anecdote, as our author is declared by another writer, who ought to have known him well, that in converſation he was *very engaging**. My abſence from

* John Wilkes, Eſq.—Mr. Lloyd, ſays he, was mild and affable in private life, of gentle manners, and very engaging in converſation. He was an excellent ſcholar, and an eaſy, natural poet. His peculiar excellence was the dreſſing up an old thought in a new, neat and trim manner. He was contented to ſcamper round the foot of Parnaſſus on his little Welch pony, which ſeems never to have tired. He left the fury of

England during the few years Mr. Lloyd made a figure in the republic of letters, ſuſpended a perſonal acquaintance, commenced in very early life; and unrenewed till his diſpoſition appeared to have been ſoured by misfortune and perhaps his genius ſomewhat debilitated by intemperance. I am therefore an improper judge of his talents for converſation; to which, however, if oratorial abilities be in any meaſure conducive, he did not ſeem to poſſeſs them in any eminent degree; our author being one of the worſt reciters of his own writings that I ever remember to have heard. At the ſame time, what he wanted in power of declamation was amply ſupplied by tenaciouſneſs of memory and facility of compoſition; the productions of no writer perhaps, ancient or mo-

of the winged ſteed, and the daring heights of the ſacred mountain, to the ſublime genius of his friend Churchill.

dern,

dern, being more truly ſaid to be written *currente calamo* than thoſe of our Author.

So ready was his pen and retentive his mind that, when his devotion to the Muſes has been interrupted by the orgies of Bacchus, and the ſuſpended fable like that of Butler's tale, been broke off in the middle, he has purſued it from memory with the utmoſt compoſure, when the fever of the brain was over, and finiſhed the compoſition as conſiſtently as if the copy had been all the while before him.

His attachment to the pleaſures of the table, particularly to thoſe of the bottle, in which he was induced to indulge himſelf too freely for his conſtitution, was a topic of much cenſure and complaint againſt him, both with his real and his pretended friends, except indeed thoſe who ſhared in the convivial ſodality.

The foremoſt of theſe jovial companions, his celebrated friend Churchill, attempted, on the other hand to apologize for him, and even to juſtify the practice as well by precept as example. His gay and ſpirited Epiſtle, entitled *Night*, inſcribed to our author, is a profeſſed Apology, if not a formal juſtification of their nocturnal feſtivity*.

* The poem of Night, ſays an annotator, was written by Mr. Churchill in vindication of himſelf and Mr. Lloyd againſt the cenſures of ſome falſe, treacherous and hypocritical friends, who affected to pay the higheſt compliment to their genius, but appeared equally pleaſed and induſtrious in ſeizing every opportunity of condemning their conduct in private life. Theſe *prudent* perſons, whom neither love, pleaſure, nor pity ever drew for a ſingle moment out of their way, found a malicious pleaſure in propagating the ſtory of every unguarded hour, and in gratifying that rage after the little anecdotes of admired authors, upon which ſmall wits ſubſiſt. Such a proceeding ought however in all fairneſs to be conſidered only as the low *goſſiping* of the literary world. Scandal amuſes the circle of the gay and polite in the

ſame

Let ſlaves to buſineſs, bodies without ſoul,
Important blanks in Nature's mighty roll,

ſame manner. The curioſity of the town was fed by theſe people from time to time, and every *dull lecturer* within the bills of mortality comforted himſelf that he did not keep ſuch hours as Mr. Churchill and Mr. Lloyd.

The poet does not bluſh to own that he often paſſed the *night* after the manner of the firſt men of antiquity, who knew how to redeem the fleeting hours from *death's half-brother*, and fellow tyrant, *ſleep*. They likewiſe lamented the ſhortneſs and uncertainty of human life. Such reflections however in them produced neither melancholy nor deſpair, but ſerved to give a keener reliſh to their pleaſures, and were perpetual * incitements not to let any portion of life paſs unenjoyed. They were generally employed in

* Vitæ ſumma brevis ſpem nos vetat incohare longam.
Jam te premet nox, fabulæque manes
Et domus exilis Plutonia; quo ſimul mearis,
Nec regna vini ſortiere talis, &c.

HORACE.

Soles occidere, et redire poſſunt;
Nobis, quom ſemel occidit brevis lux,
Nox eſt perpetua una dormienda.
Da mi baſia mille, deinde centum, &c.

CATULLUS.

Solemnize nonſenſe in the day's broad glare,
We NIGHT prefer which heals or hides our care.

Rogues juſtified, and by ſucceſs made bold,
Dull fools and coxcombs ſanctified by Gold,
Freely may baſk in Fortune's partial ray,
And ſpread their feathers op'ning to the day;
But thread-bare Merit dares not ſhew the head
'Till vain Proſperity retires to bed.
Misfortunes, like the Owl, avoid the light;
The ſons of CARE are always ſons of NIGHT.

The poetical merit of theſe lines muſt not be ſuffered to vouch for their truth; unleſs

celebrating the myſteries of that deity, who delights in the friendly gloom of *night*, or the rights of the genius of friendſhip, when he does not languiſh under the impertinence of the *day*'s inſipid viſitors. The two Engliſh poets were worthy of the converſe of the moſt genial wits of Rome and Greece. They may perhaps have been cenſured by ſome wondrous grave moderns, cold-blooded critics, void of all fire and fancy, but in a more claſſic age their happy ſallies would not have ill become the *Noctes Atticæ*.

we

we doubt the concluſion of the famous Bacchanalian ode, ſo vociferouſly and joyouſly chaunted in the ſame nocturnal revels.

> What have we with *day* to do?
> Sons of *Care*, 'twas made for *you*.

The truth ſeems to be that, however eagerly theſe ſons of Anacreon might enter on the career of theſe jovial amuſements, they continued their race, out of pique at the worldly diſreſpect, which they had unadviſedly and perhaps unexpectedly incurred. This is pathetically inſinuated in the following lines extracted from the ſame poem.

> When foes inſult and *prudent* friends diſpenſe,
> In pity's ſtrains, the worſt of inſolence,
> Oft with thee, Lloyd, I ſteal an hour from grief,
> And in thy ſocial converſe find relief.
> The mind, of ſolitude impatient grown,
> Loves any ſorrows rather than her own.
>
> Then in Oblivion's grateful cup I drown
> The galling ſneer, the ſupercilious frown,

The ſtrange reſerve, the proud affected ſtate
Of upſtart knaves grown rich, and fools grown great.
No more that abject wretch diſturbs my reſt,
Who meanly overlooks a friend diſtreſt.
Purblind to Poverty the Worldling goes,
And ſcarce ſees rags an inch beyond his noſe;
But from a crowd can ſingle out his grace,
And cringe and creep to fools who ſtrut in lace.

Such is often the revenge of ſuicide genius. By railing at others it thinks to excuſe itſelf; imputing to ignorance or malevolence the cauſe of that ruin in which, againſt its own better knowledge, it is inevitably as unpardonably involved*.

* It is however with ſome propriety Mr. Lloyd laments the critical predicament of public writers, particularly

Of ſuch whoſe *temperance* will not paſs
The due rotation of the glaſs;
Whom gravity denies the power
T' unpeg their hats at ſuch an hour;

But

Mr. Lloyd having reſigned the Uſherſhip of Weſtminſter ſchool, became an author by profeſſion; and, notwithſtanding his decided merit, experienced moſt of the viciſſitudes of fortune, to which gentlemen of that precarious profeſſion are liable. His ſenſe of his ſituation under thoſe circumſtances, is frequently expreſſed in his occaſional poems; particularly in the little piece entitled the *Temple of Favour*, addreſſed to the preſent Editor. It is on this occaſion he apoſtrophiſes on the ſubject of making a trade of Genius.

But ſays he very reaſonably

Can authors an exemption draw
From nature's or the common law?
They err alike with all mankind,
But not the ſame indulgence find.
Their lives are more conſpicuous grown,
More talk'd of, pointed at, and ſhewn,
Till every *error* ſeems to riſe
To SINS of moſt *gigantic* ſize!

O glorious trade, for wit's a trade,
Where men are ruin'd more than made.
Let crazy LEE, neglected GAY,
The ſhabby OTWAY, DRYDEN grey,
Thoſe tuneful ſervants of the nine,
(Not that I blend their names with mine)
Repeat their lives, their works, their fame,
And teach the world ſome uſeful ſhame!

It is ſo natural a tranſition for a man of wit to become a man of the town, and for the expences, neceſſary to ſupport the latter character, to exceed the income of the former, that it is no wonder our author was induced to engage in publications that promiſed to produce profit rather than praiſe. Among theſe was the *St. James's Magazine*; from which many of the pieces contained in the following collection are extracted. The neceſſary haſte, with which moſt of them were expedited to the preſs, will induce the conſiderate reader rather to wonder they are ſo correct, than that they are not much leſs ſo.

This

This work not meeting with that ſucceſs, which from its merit might be reaſonably expected, our Author found himſelf unable to diſcharge ſome obligations of a pecuniary nature; which he had improvidently laid himſelf under on the flattering proſpect of ſuch ſucceſs.

The conſequence of this diſappointment was the exertion of that barbarous power, which the abſurd cuſtom of this country has given to the creditor over the perſon of his debtor, by permitting the impriſonment of the latter till the former be fully ſatisfied. Mr. Lloyd was of courſe confined within the walls of the Fleet; even Mr. Thornton, though his boſom friend from their infancy, refuſing to be his ſecurity for the liberty of the Rules; a circumſtance, which, giving riſe to ſome ill-natured altercation, induced this *quondam* friend to become an inveterate enemy, in the quality of his moſt inexorable creditor.

It

It has been ſaid, on this occaſion, that "while this unhappy but moſt excellent poet was under ſuch reſtrictions, the Fleet became the ſeat of the Muſes; and all the men of wit and genius in the age repaired to this gloomy temple. Such company diſpelled the very idea of confinement, and gave his apartments the air of the court of Apollo."

Certain it was that Mr. Lloyd was viſited in his confinement by a number of thoſe who had, or would be thought to have pretenſions to wit; but it was a juſt diſtinction he himſelf made between his numerous acquaintance, and thoſe few, very few friends, by whom he was not wholly abandoned to misfortune*.

* Among theſe, perhaps, none merit particular attention but his ſtaunch and generous friends Mr. Wilkes and Mr. Churchill; the latter allowing him a regular ſtipend from the commencement of his confinement 'till his final releaſe. Thornton, ſays he,

In this ſtate of dereliction and depreſſion it is no wonder he was ſubject to a deſpondency, from which chearful converſation and the exhilirating glaſs afforded only a temporary relief. His ſupport, under the *tedium vitæ* that aſſailed him in ſuch diſagreeable circumſtances, he drew from very different reſources, the generoſity of his friend Churchill and the avarice of the bookſellers. In conjunction with Mr. Charles Denis he at this time undertook a tranſlation of the *Contes Moraux* of Marmontel †: a haſty performance that did them

he, (in one of his Letters to the former, after the death of Churchill) is *what you thought* him. I have many acquaintance, but *now* no friend here. Mr. Wilkes was then in France: Meſſrs. Garrick, Colman and Hogarth, whom our author had ſo berhymed and bepraiſed, were in England.

† A tranſlation of the death of Adam, from the German of Klopſtock, was alſo publiſhed in the name of Mr. Lloyd; who was not, however, ſufficiently acquainted with that language to do juſtice either to the Original or himſelf.

little

little credit, and would have done them ſtill leſs, had not a ſecond attempt by Mr. Colman to tranſlate that elegant author at greater leiſure, proved almoſt equally abortive. Correctneſs was the utmoſt that could be expected from a Colman; which, had he been ſufficiently verſed in the idiom of the French language, he might poſſibly have attained: but cold correctneſs could not give us a Marmontel; whoſe warmth of deſcription, juſtneſs of thought, and elegance of expreſſion require ſimilar abilities in his tranſlator.

Mr. Lloyd alſo during his confinement wrote a ballad opera, entitled the *Capricious Lovers*, taken from a favourite piece of another French author. It was acted at Drury Lane Theatre with ſome applauſe; but not with ſo much as it merited; although our author's genius does not appear to have led him ſtrongly to dramatic compoſition.

It

It was obſervable that, with Mr. Thornton, almoſt all the friends and companions of our author's youth, turned their backs on him, eſpecially thoſe on whom he had laviſhed many encomiums in his own writings, and whom he had occaſionally aſſiſted in the compoſition or correction of theirs; a ſtriking proof of the inſtability of ſchool-boy friendſhips and college connections! It is with much humour he rallies the meretricious ſpecies of reciprocal attachment among brother authors, in his epiſtle, entitled the Poet.

While your good word, or converſation,
Can lend a brother reputation,
While verſe or preface quaintly penn'd,
Can raiſe the conſequence of friend,
How viſible the kind affection!
How cloſe the partial fond connection!
Then *He* is quick and *I'm* diſcerning,
And *I* have wit and *He* has learning;
My judgment's ſtrong, and *His* is chaſte,
And *Both*—ay *Both* are MEN of TASTE!

The

The jealouſy of rival wits he has, on the other hand, repreſented as capable of being excited by the ſlighteſt motives, and carried to the utmoſt length on the moſt trifling provocation.

> Jealous of every puff of fame,
> The idle whiſtling of a name,
> The property of half a line,
> Whether a comma's yours or mine,
> Shall make a Bard, a Bard engage,
> And ſhake the friendſhip of an age.

The ſenſibility of Mr. Lloyd appears to have been greatly hurt by the coldneſs and contempt, with which many of his brother wits and poetical friends behaved to him, in his adverſity. Of this he feelingly complains, in his epiſtle to Mr. Woty; a poet indeed, but of a diſpoſition ſo different from that of the *genus irritabile vatum* that it is with great propriety our author, while he forgivingly cenſures thoſe, from whoſe gratitude he might have expected another return,

return, pays a juſt compliment to the modeſt worth of his equally ingenious and ingenuous friend.

Genius ſelf-center'd feels alone
That merit he eſteems his own;
And cold, o'er jealous, and ſevere,
Hates, like a Turk, a brother near;
Malice ſteps in, good nature flies,
Folly prevails, and friendſhip dies:
Peace to all ſuch, if peace can dwell
With thoſe who bear about a hell,
Who blaſt all worth with envy's breath,
By their own feelings ſtung to death.
Give me the man whoſe open mind
Means ſocial good to all mankind;
Who, when his friend, from fortune's round,
Is toppled headlong to the ground,
Can meet him with a warm embrace,
And wipe the tear from ſorrow's face.
Who, leſs intent to ſhine than pleaſe,
Wears his own mirth with native eaſe;
In ſhort, whoſe picture, painted true,
In ev'ry point reſembles you.

The

The above lines, with many other extracts that might be made from his writings, ſerve to confirm the truth of the character given him by a cotemporary writer; that he had a grateful heart, and ſhewed by his warm attachment to his friends, how extremely ſenſible he was of every kindneſs. It is a fact, that though the rigid moraliſt might have ſome reaſon to cenſure the irregularities of our author's life, they were of ſuch a nature as betrayed no intentional miſchief or malevolence of temper; reflecting on him the character ſo well known under the denomination of *No one's enemy but his own*, rather than that of a friend only to himſelf and an enemy to others. If his grateful attachment to Mr. Churchill need any other proof than the fatal one of breaking his heart at his death, the following letters to their common friend Mr. Wilkes, the one written before and the other after Mr. Churchill's deceaſe, ſufficiently ſpeak our author's apprehenſions and ſenſe of that melancholy event. My

My dear Wilkes,

YOUR letters have given me inexpreſſible uneaſineſs concerning my friend Charles; and your not giving me a direction, leaves me in ſtill greater anxiety that this may not reach you, and I conſequently hear nothing how he does. Indeed we are all much alarmed; for though the ſeeming ſpirits of your letter to me gave us hopes it might not be ſo bad with him, that which Jack has received, entirely quaſhes them. Pray let me hear from you the earlieſt opportunity. I hope I ſhall not be doubly unfortunate in the loſs of my friends, an be reduced to the comfortleſs neceſſity o brooding over my own calamities in this ungrateful ſituation. Dear Wilkes, give me all the information you can, and what ſervices I can do, I in duty owe to you both; command. I am, in the ſincereſt affection,

Yours ever,

R. LLOYD.

Dear Wilkes,

Tueſday, Nov. 20. Fleet.

I WILL ſpare your own feelings and mine by any reflections on our irreparable loſs. You did not, I imagine, receive my letter directed for you at an uncertainty, at the poſt houſe, or if you did, you returned no anſwer, I ſuppoſe becauſe you could give no comfort. I am pleaſed to find from Mr. Cotes, who communicated your letter to him this day to me, that you will be kind to the remains of our dear friend. What is in my power to execute, you will direct and command. And I could much wiſh, you would, as early as you can, bring your mind to write on ſuch a ſubject —Do, if it is only for the ſake of my conſolation, who indeed moſt truly want it, write to me, and as the memory of Charles was dear to you, do not forget him, who is moſt unfortunate in the loſs of the living and the dead friend.

I am

I am with the greateſt ſincerity of friendſhip and affection,

Yours ever,
R. LLOYD.

The news of Mr. Churchill's death being announced ſomewhat abruptly to our author, while he was ſitting at dinner, he was ſeized with a ſudden ſickneſs, and ſaying "I ſhall follow poor Charles," took to his bed, from which he never roſe again.

In his ſickneſs he was attended by a favourite ſiſter of his deceaſed friend, Miſs Patty Churchill; of whom it is ſaid that ſhe poſſeſſed a conſiderable portion of the ſenſe, ſpirit and genius of her brother. This young lady is reported to have been betrothed to Mr. Lloyd, and that ſo mournful was the effect, which the melancholy cataſtrophe of her lover and brother had on her ſuſceptible mind, that ſhe caught the contagion of grief, which preyed on her

ſpirits, and did not permit her long to ſurvive them.

To expatiate farther on our author's merit, as a writer, would be needleſs; as nothing can be more fully ſaid of him than he hath occaſionally ſaid of himſelf, in reply to the cenſures of the Critics.

Hiſt! 'tis a CRITIC.—Yes—'tis he—
What wou'd your graceleſs form with me?
Is it t'upbraid me with the crime
Of ſpinning unlaborious rhyme,
Of ſtringing various thoughts together,
In verſe, or proſe, or both, or neither?
A vein, which tho' it muſt offend
You *lofty* Sirs, who can't *deſcend*,
To fame has often made its way
From BUTLER, PRIOR, SWIFT and GAY.

In his claſſical alluſions and happy imitations of the Greek and Latin poets, Mr. Lloyd perhaps bears away the palm from all other Engliſh poets. I do not mean to refer the reader for a proof of this to his tranſlation

tranſlation of Homer's Hymn; which appears (as well as his imitation of Spencer) to be a very juvenile performance. The claſſical reader, however, cannot fail of being pleaſed with moſt of his Latin compoſitions, his tranſlation of Mr. Gray's celebrated ode, and particularly, on making the compariſon, with his Engliſh Imitation of Theocritus.

It is yet remarkable, that Mr. Lloyd, though ſo excellent a claſſical ſcholar, had not the leaſt tincture of the pedant in his character; none being more ready to turn pedants into ridicule; particularly thoſe affected pedagogues, who attempted to reduce the numbers of Engliſh verſe to the ſcale of Greek and Roman feet. Our author was indeed one of thoſe whom he deſcribes under the title of real ſcholars.

Whoſe knowledge unaffected flows
And ſits as eaſy as their cloathes;

Who

Who care not tho' an *ac* or *fed*
Miſplac'd, endanger PRISCIAN's head;
Nor think his wit a grain the worſe,
Who cannot frame a *Latin* verſe,
Or give a *Roman* proper word
To things a Roman never heard.

It may be ſuppoſed that the loſs of a writer of ſuch eminence was, at leaſt in verſe, univerſally lamented. It was otherwiſe; his brother bards ſeemed as loth to celebrate his talents, as the world, in general, to acknowledge his virtues. I do not yet hear of any intention to erect a monument to his memory, or even of a poetical decoration for his tomb-ſtone. I ſhall ſupply their place, therefore, and take leave of the reader with the cloſing lines of a copy of verſes, written on his death by his name-ſake Mr. Evan Lloyd. They have ſome merit, though it does not appear that, in this caſe, the mantle of Elijah was bequeathed to his ſucceſſor Eliſha.

Peace

Peace to thy aſhes, LLOYD, ill treated Bard!
Hard was thy lot, ſweet bird! in this rude age,
That coop'd thee up to whiſtle in a cage:
Yet thou could'ſt even Freedom's ſelf ſurvive,
And blythly ſing, while CHURCHILL was alive;
But when your mate was ſnatch'd, you droop'd and died,
Bleſt was the trial, for thy truth was tried.
For ages hence your chaplet ſhall be green;
And, ages paſt, no withering leaf be ſeen;
Softly repoſe upon the Muſe's breaſt,
And Phœbus' ſelf ſhall ſing you to your reſt.

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POEMS.

POEMS.

THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY.

MY Works are advertis'd for ſale,
And cenſures fly as thick as hail;
While my poor ſcheme of publication
Supplies the dearth of converſation.

What will the *World* ſay?—That's your cry
Who is the *World?* and what am I?

Once, but thank heaven, thoſe days are o'er,
And perſecution reigns no more,
One man, *one* hardy man alone,
Uſurp'd the critic's vacant throne,
And thence with neither taſte nor wit,
By powerful catcall from the pit,
Knock'd farce, and play, and actor down.
Who paſs'd the ſentence then?—the Town.
So now each upſtart puny elf
Talks of the *world*, and means *himſelf*.

Your wou'd-be Genii vainly ſeek
Fame from their Latin verſe, or Greek;
Who would for that be moſt admir'd
Which blockheads may, and have acquir'd.
A mere mechanical connection
Of favourite words, — a bare collection
Of phraſes, — where the labour'd cento
Preſents you with a dull memento,
How *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Ovid* join,
And club together half a line.
Theſe only ſtrain their motly wits
In gathering patches, ſhreds, and bits,
To wrap their barren fancies in,
And make a claſſic Harlequin.

— Were I at once impower'd to ſhew
My utmoſt vengeance on my foe,
To puniſh with extremeſt rigour,
I could inflict no penance bigger
Than uſing him as learning's tool
To make him Uſher of a ſchool.
For, not to dwell upon the toil
Of working on a barren ſoil,
And lab'ring with inceſſant pains
To cultivate a blockhead's brains,

The duties there but ill befit
The love of letters, arts, or wit.
For whoſoe'er, tho' ſlightly, ſips,
Their grateful flavour with his lips,
Will find it leave a ſmatch behind,
Shall ſink ſo deeply in the mind,
It never thence can be eras'd —
But, riſing up, you call it *Taſte*.

'Twere fooliſh for a drudge to chuſe
A guſto which he cannot uſe.
Better diſcard the idle whim,
What's *He* to *Taſte*? or *Taſte* to *Him*?
For me, it hurts me to the ſoul
To brook confinement or controul;
Still to be pinion'd down to teach
The ſyntax and the parts of ſpeech;
Or, what perhaps is drudging worſe,
The links, and joints, and rules of verſe;
To deal out authors by retale,
Like penny pots of *Oxford* ale;
— Oh! 'Tis a ſervice irkſome more
Than tugging at the ſlaviſh oar.

Yet ſuch *his* taſk, a diſmal truth,
Who watches o'er the bent of youth;

 And

And while, a paltry ſtipend earning,
He ſows the richeſt ſeeds of learning,
And tills *their* minds with proper care,
And ſees them their due produce bear,
No joys, alas! his toil beguile,
His *own* lies fallow all the while.

" Yet ſtill he's in the road, you ſay,
" Of learning."—Why, perhaps he may.
But turns like horſes in a mill,
Nor getting on, nor ſtanding ſtill:
For little way his learning reaches,
Who reads no more than what he teaches.

" Yet you can ſend advent'rous youth,
" In ſearch of letters, taſte, and truth,
" Who ride the highway road to knowledge
" Through the plain turnpikes of a college,"
True.—Like way-poſts, we ſerve to ſhew
The road which travellers ſhou'd go;
Who jog along in eaſy pace,
Secure of coming to the place,
Yet find, return whene'er they will,
The *Poſt*, and its direction ſtill:
Which ſtands an uſeful unthank'd guide,
To many a paſſenger beſide,

'Tis hard to carve for others meat,
And not have time one's ſelf to eat,
Tho', be it always underſtood,
Our appetites are full as good.

" But there have been, and proofs appear,
" Who bore this load from year to year;
" Whoſe claim to letters, parts, and wit,
" The world has ne'er diſputed yet.
" Whether the flowing mirth prevail
" In *Weſley*'s ſong, or humorous tale;
" Or happier *Bourne*'s expreſſion pleaſe
" With graceful turns of claſſic eaſe;
" Or *Oxford*'s well-read poet ſings
" Pathetic to the ear of kings:
" Theſe have indulg'd the muſes' flight,
" Nor loſt their time or credit by't;
" Nor ſuffer'd fancy's dreams to prey
" On the due buſineſs of the day.
" Verſe was to them a recreation
" Us'd but by way of relaxation."

Your inſtances are fair and true,
And genius I reſpect with you.
I envy none their honeſt praiſe;
I ſeek to blaſt no ſcholar's bays:

Still let the graceful foliage ſpread
Its greeneſt honours round their head,
Bleſt, if the Muſes' hand entwine
A ſprig at leaſt to circle mine!

Come, — I admit, you tax me right.
Prudence, 'tis true, was out of ſight,
And you may whiſper all you meet,
The man was vague and indiſcreet.
Yet tell me, while you cenſure me,
Are you from error ſound and free?
Say, does your breaſt no bias hide,
Whoſe influence draws the mind aſide?

All have their hobby-horſe, you ſee,
From Triſtram down to you and me.
Ambition, ſplendour, may be thine;
Eaſe, indolence, perhaps, are mine.
Though prudence, and our nature's pride
May wiſh our weakneſſes to hide,
And ſet their hedges up before 'em,
Some Sprouts will branch, and ſtraggle o'er 'em.
Strive, fight againſt her how you will,
Nature will be the miſtreſs ſtill,
And though you curb with double rein,
She'll run away with us again.

But let a man of parts be wrong,
'Tis triumph to the leaden throng.
The fools ſhall cackle out reproof,
The very aſs ſhall raiſe his hoof;
And he who holds in his poſſeſſion,
The ſingle virtue of diſcretion,
Who knows no overflow of ſpirit,
Whoſe want of paſſions is his merit,
Whom wit and taſte and judgment flies,
Shall ſhake his noddle, and *ſeem* wiſe.

THE

THE ACTOR.

ADDRESSED TO BONNEL THORNTON, ESQ.

ACTING, dear Thornton, its perfection draws
From no obſervance of mechanic laws:
No ſettled maxims of a fav'rite ſtage,
No rules deliver'd down from age to age,
Let players nicely mark them as they will,
Can e'er entail hereditary ſkill.
If, 'mongſt the humble hearers of the pit,
Some curious vet'ran critic chance to ſit,
Is he pleaſed more becauſe 'twas acted ſo
By Booth and Cibber thirty years ago?
The mind recals an object held more dear,
And hates the copy, that it comes ſo near.
Why lov'd he Wilks's air, Booth's nervous tone?
In them 'twas natural, 'twas all their own.
A Garrick's genius muſt our wonder raiſe,
But gives his mimic no reflected praiſe.

Thrice happy Genius, whoſe unrival'd name,
Shall live for ever in the voice of Fame!
'Tis thine to lead with more than magic ſkill,
The train of captive paſſions at thy will;

To

To bid the burſting tear ſpontaneous flow
In the ſweet ſenſe of ſympathetic woe:
Through ev'ry vein I feel a chilneſs creep,
When horrors ſuch as thine *have murder'd ſleep*;
And at the old man's look and frantic ſtare
'Tis Lear alarms me, for I ſee him there.
Nor yet confin'd to tragic walks alone,
The Comic Muſe too claims thee for her own.
With each delightful requiſite to pleaſe,
Taſte, Spirit, Judgment, Elegance, and Eaſe,
Familiar Nature forms thy only rule,
From Ranger's rake to Drugger's vacant fool.
With powers ſo pliant, and ſo various bleſt,
That what we ſee the laſt, we like the beſt.
Not idly pleas'd, at judgment's dear expence,
But burſt outrageous with the laugh of ſenſe.

Perfection's top, with weary toil and pain,
'Tis genius only that can hope to gain.
The Play'r's profeſſion (tho' I hate the phraſe,
'Tis ſo *mechanic* in theſe modern days)
Lies not in trick, or attitude, or ſtart,
Nature's true knowledge is the only art.
The ſtrong-felt paſſion bolts into his face,
The mind untouch'd, what is it but grimace?

To this one ſtandard make your juſt appeal,
Here lies the golden ſecret; learn to FEEL.
Or fool, or monarch, happy, or diſtreſt,
No actor pleaſes that is not *poſſeſs'd*.

Once on the ſtage, in Rome's declining days,
When Chriſtians were the ſubject of their plays,
E'er perſecution dropp'd her iron rod,
And men ſtill wag'd an impious war with God,
An actor flouriſh'd of no vulgar fame,
Nature's diſciple, and Geneſt his name.
A noble object for his ſkill he choſe,
A martyr dying 'midſt inſulting foes.
Reſign'd with patience to religion's laws,
Yet braving monarchs in his Saviour's cauſe.
Fill'd with th' idea of the ſacred part,
He felt a zeal beyond the reach of art,
While look and voice, and geſture, all expreſt
A kindred ardour in the player's breaſt;
Till as the flame thro' all his boſom ran,
He loſt the Actor, and commenc'd the Man;
Profeſt the faith; his pagan gods denied,
And what he acted then, he after died.

The Player's province they but vainly try,
Who want theſe pow'rs, *Deportment*, *Voice*, and *Eye*.

The

The Critic Sight 'tis only *Grace* can pleaſe,
No figure charms us if it has not *Eaſe*.
There are, who think the ſtature all in all,
Nor like the hero, if he is not tall.
The feeling ſenſe all other want ſupplies,
I rate no actor's merit from his ſize.
Superior height requires ſuperior grace,
And what's a giant with a vacant face?

Theatric monarchs, in their tragic gait,
Affect to mark the ſolemn pace of ſtate.
One foot put forward in poſition ſtrong,
The other, like its vaſſal, dragg'd along.
So grave each motion, ſo exact and ſlow,
Like wooden monarchs at a puppet ſhow.
The mein delights us that has native grace,
But affectation ill ſupplies its place.

Unſkilful actors, like your mimic apes,
Will writhe their bodies in a thouſand ſhapes;
However foreign from the poet's art,
No tragic hero but admires a ſtart.
What though unfeeling of the nervous line,
Who but allows his *attitude* is fine?
While a whole minute equipois'd he ſtands,
Till praiſe diſmiſs him with her echoing hands!

Reſolv'd

Reſolv'd, though nature hate the tedious pauſe,
By perſeverance to extort applauſe.
When Romeo ſorrowing at his Juliet's doom,
With eager madneſs burſts the canvas tomb,
The ſudden whirl, ſtretch'd leg, and lifted ſtaff,
Which pleaſe the vulgar, make the critic laugh.

To paint the paſſion's force, and mark it well,
The proper action nature's ſelf will tell;
No pleaſing pow'rs diſtortions e'er expreſs,
And nicer judgment always loaths exceſs.
In ſock or buſkin, who o'erleaps the bounds,
Diſguſts our reaſon, and the taſte confounds.

Of all the evils which the ſtage moleſt,
I hate your fool who overacts his jeſt;
Who murders what the poet finely writ,
And, like a bungler, haggles all his wit,
With ſhrug, and grin, and geſture out of place,
And writes a fooliſh comment with his face.
Old Johnſon once, tho' Cibber's perter vein
But meanly groupes him with a num'rous train,
With ſteady face, and ſober hum'rous mein,
Fill'd the ſtrong outlines of the comic ſcene,
What was writ down, with decent utt'rance ſpoke,
Betray'd no ſymptom of the conſcious joke;

The

The very man in look, in voice, in air,
And tho' upon the ſtage, appear'd no Play'r.

The word and action ſhould conjointly ſuit,
But acting words is labour too minute.
Grimace will ever lead the judgment wrong;
While ſober humour marks th' impreſſion ſtrong.
Her proper traits the fixt attention hit,
And bring me cloſer to the poet's wit;
With her delighted o'er each ſcene I go,
Well-pleas'd, and not aſham'd of being ſo.

But let the generous Actor ſtill forbear
To copy features with a Mimic's care!
'Tis a poor ſkill which ev'ry fool can reach,
A vile ſtage-cuſtom, honour'd in the breach.
Worſe as more cloſe, the diſingenuous art
But ſhews the wanton looſeneſs of the heart.
When I behold a wretch, of talents mean,
Drag private foibles on the public ſcene,
Forſaking nature's fair and open road
To mark ſome whim, ſome ſtrange peculiar mode,
Fir'd with diſguſt I loath his ſervile plan,
Deſpiſe the mimic, and abhor the man.
Go to the lame, to hoſpitals repair,
And hunt for humour in diſtortions there!

Fill

Fill up the meaſure of the motley whim
With ſhrug, wink, ſnuffle, and convulſive limb;
Then ſhame at once, to pleaſe a trifling age,
Good ſenſe, good manners, virtue, and the ſtage!

'Tis not enough the Voice be ſound and clear,
'Tis modulation that muſt charm the ear.
When deſperate heroines grieve with tedious moan,
And whine their ſorrows in a ſee-ſaw tone,
The ſame ſoft ſounds of unimpaſſioned woes
Can only make the yawning hearers doze.

The voice all modes of paſſion can expreſs,
That marks the proper word with proper ſtreſs.
But none emphatic can that actor call,
Who lays an equal emphaſis on *all*.

Some o'er the tongue the labour'd meaſures roll
Slow and delib'rate as the parting toll,
Point ev'ry ſtop, mark ev'ry pauſe ſo ſtrong,
Their words, like ſtage-proceſſions ſtalk along.
All affectation but creates diſguſt,
And e'en in ſpeaking we may ſeem *too* juſt.

Nor proper, Thornton, can thoſe ſounds appear
Which bring not numbers to thy nicer ear;

In

In vain for them the pleaſing meaſure flows,
Whoſe recitation runs it all to proſe;
Repeating what the poet ſets not down,
The verb disjointing from its friendly noun,
While pauſe, and break, and repetition join
To make a diſcord in each tuneful line.

Some placid natures fill th' allotted ſcene
With lifeleſs drone, inſipid and ſerene;
While others thunder ev'ry couplet o'er,
And almoſt crack your ears with rant and roar.

More nature oft and finer ſtrokes are ſhown,
In the low whiſper than tempeſtuous tone.
And Hamlet's hollow voice and fixt amaze,
More powerful terror to the mind conveys,
Than he, who, ſwol'n with big impetuous rage,
Bullies the bulky phantom off the ſtage.

He, who in earneſt ſtudies o'er his part,
Will find true nature cling about his heart.
The modes of grief are not included all
In the white handkerchief and mournful drawl;
A ſingle look more marks th' internal woe,
Than all the windings of the lengthen'd Oh.

Up to the Face the quick ſenſation flies,
And darts its meaning from the ſpeaking Eyes;
Love, tranſport, madneſs, anger, ſcorn, deſpair,
And all the paſſions, all the ſoul is there.

In vain Ophelia gives her flowrets round,
And with her ſtraws fantaſtic ſtrews the ground,
In vain now ſings, now heaves the deſp'rate ſigh,
If phrenzy ſit not in the troubled eye.
In Cibber's look commanding ſorrows ſpeak,
And call the tear faſt trick'ling down my cheek.

There is a fault which ſtirs the critic's rage;
A want of due attention on the ſtage.
I have ſeen actors, and admir'd ones too,
Whoſe tongues wound up ſet forward from their cue;
In their own ſpeech who whine, or roar away,
Yet ſeem unmov'd at what the reſt may ſay;
Whoſe eyes and thoughts on diff'rent objects roam,
Until the prompter's voice recal them home.

Diveſt yourſelf of hearers, if you can,
And ſtrive to ſpeak, and be the very man.
Why ſhould the well-bred actor wiſh to know
Who ſits above to-night, or who below?

So, 'mid th' harmonious tones of grief or rage,
Italian ſquallers oft diſgrace the ſtage;
When, with a ſimp'ring leer, and bow profound,
The ſqueaking Cyrus greets the boxes round;
Or proud Mandane, of imperial race,
Familiar drops a curt'ſie to her grace.

To ſuit the dreſs demands the actor's art,
Yet there are thoſe who over-dreſs the part.
To ſome preſcriptive right gives ſettled things,
Black wigs to murd'rers, feather'd hats to kings.
But Michael Caſſio might be drunk enough,
Tho' all his features were not grim'd with ſnuff.
Why ſhou'd Pol Peachum ſhine in ſatin cloaths?
Why ev'ry devil dance in ſcarlet hoſe?

But in ſtage-cuſtoms what offends me moſt
Is the ſlip-door, and ſlowly-riſing ghoſt.
Tell me, nor count the queſtion too ſevere,
Why need the diſmal powder'd forms appear?

When chilling horrors ſhake th' affrighted king,
And guilt torments him with her ſcorpion ſting;
When keeneſt feelings at his boſom pull,
And fancy tells him that the ſeat is full;

Why need the ghoſt uſurp the monarch's place,
To frighten children with his mealy face?
The king alone ſhou'd form the phantom there,
And talk and tremble at the vacant chair.

If Belvidera her lov'd loſs deplore,
Why for twin ſpectres burſts the yawning floor?
When with diſorder'd ſtarts, and horrid cries,
She paints the murder'd forms before her eyes,
And ſtill purſues them with a frantic ſtare,
'Tis pregnant madneſs brings the viſions there.
More inſtant horror would enforce the ſcene,
If all her ſhudd'rings were at ſhapes unſeen.

Poet and Actor thus, with blended ſkill,
Mould all our paſſions to their inſtant will;
'Tis thus, when feeling Garrick treads the ſtage,
(The ſpeaking comment of his Shakeſpear's page)
Oft as I drink the words with greedy ears,
I ſhake with horror, or diſſolve with tears.

O, ne'er may folly ſeize the throne of taſte,
Nor dulneſs lay the realms of genius waſte!
No bouncing crackers ape the thund'rer's fire,
No tumbler float upon the bending wire!

More natural uſes to the ſtage belong,
Than tumblers, monſters, pantomime, or ſong.
For other purpoſe was that ſpot deſign'd:
To purge the paſſions, and reform the mind,
To give to nature all the force of art,
And while it charms the ear to mend the heart.

Thornton, to thee, I dare with truth commend,
The decent ſtage as virtue's natural friend.
Tho' oft debas'd with ſcenes profane and looſe,
No reaſon weighs againſt it's proper uſe.
Tho' the lewd prieſt his ſacred function ſhame,
Religion's perfect law is ſtill the ſame.

Shall They, who trace the paſſions from their riſe,
Shew ſcorn her features, her own image vice?
Who teach the mind it's proper force to ſcan,
And hold the faithful mirror up to man,
Shall their profeſſion e'er provoke diſdain,
Who ſtand the foremoſt in the moral train,
Who lend reflection all the grace of art,
And ſtrike the precept home upon the heart?

Yet, hapleſs Artiſt! tho' thy ſkill can raiſe
The burſting peal of univerſal praiſe,

Tho' at thy beck Applauſe delighted ſtands,
And lifts, Briareus' like, her hundred hands,
Know, Fame awards thee but a partial breath!
Not all thy talents brave the ſtroke of death.
Poets to ages yet unborn appeal,
And lateſt times th' Eternal Nature feel.
Tho' blended here the praiſe of bard and play'r,
While more than half becomes the Actor's ſhare,
Relentleſs death untwiſts the mingled fame,
And ſinks the player in the poet's name.
The pliant muſcles of the various face,
The mein that gave each ſentence ſtrength and grace,
The tuneful voice, the eye that ſpoke the mind,
Are gone, nor leave a ſingle trace behind.

TO

THE LAW STUDENT.

TO GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

Quid tibi cum Cirrhâ? quid cum Permeſſidos undâ?
Romanum propius divitiuſque Forum eſt.

Mart.

NOW Chriſt-Church left, and fixt at Lincoln's Inn,
Th' important ſtudies of the Law begin.
Now groan the ſhelves beneath th' unuſual charge
Of Records, Statutes, and Reports at large,
Each Claſſic Author ſeeks his peaceful nook,
And modeſt Virgil yields his place to Coke.
No more, ye Bards, for vain precedence hope,
But even Jacob take the lead of Pope!

While the pil'd ſhelves ſink down on one another,
And each huge folio has its cumb'rous brother,
While, arm'd with theſe, the Student views with awe
His rooms become the magazine of Law,
Say whence ſo few ſucceed? where thouſands aim,
So few e'er reach the promis'd goal of fame?

Say,

Say, why Cæcilius quits a gainful trade
For regimentals, ſword, and ſmart cockade?
Or Sextus why his firſt profeſſion leaves
For narrower band, plain ſhirt, and pudding ſleeves?

The depth of law aſks ſtudy, thought, and care?
Shall we ſeek theſe in rich Alonzo's heir?
Such diligence, alas! is ſeldom found
In the briſk heir to forty thouſand pound.
Wealth, that excuſes folly, ſloth creates,
Few, who can ſpend, e'er learn to get eſtates.
What is to him dry caſe, or dull report,
Who ſtudies faſhions at the Inns of Court;
And proves that thing of emptineſs and ſhow,
That mungrel, half-form'd thing, a Temple-Beau
Obſerve him daily ſaunt'ring up and down,
In purple ſlippers, and in ſilken gown;
Laſt night's debauch, his morning converſation;
The coming, all his evening preparation.

By Law let others toil to gain renown!
Florio's a gentleman, a man o'th' town.
He nor courts, clients, or the law regarding,
Hurries from Nando's down to Covent-Garden:
Yet he's a Scholar;—mark him in the Pit
With critic catcall ſound the ſtops of wit!

Supreme

Supreme at George's he harangues the throng,
Cenſor of ſtile from tragedy to ſong:
Him ev'ry witling views with ſecret awe,
Deep in the Drama, ſhallow in the Law.

Others there are, who, indolent and vain,
Contemn the ſcience, they can ne'er attain:
Who write, and read, but all by fits and ſtarts,
And varniſh folly with the name of Parts;
Truſt all to Genius, for they ſcorn to pore,
Till e'en that little Genius is no more.

Knowledge in Law care only can attain,
Where honour's purchas'd at the price of pain.
If, loit'ring, up th' aſcent you ceaſe to climb,
No ſtarts of labour can redeem the time.
Induſtrious ſtudy wins by ſlow degrees,
True ſons of Coke can ne'er be ſons of eaſe.

There are, whom Love of Poetry has ſmit,
Who, blind to intereſt, arrant dupes to wit,
Have wander'd devious in the pleaſing road,
With Attic flowers and Claſſic wreaths beſtrew'd:
Wedded to verſe, embrac'd the Muſe for life,
And ta'en, like modern bucks, their whores to wife.

Where'er

Where'er the Muſe uſurps deſpotic ſway,
All other ſtudies muſt of force give way.
Int'reſt in vain puts in her prudent claim,
Nonſuited by the pow'rful plea of fame.
As well you might weigh lead againſt a feather,
As ever jumble wit and law together.
On Littleton Coke gravely thus remarks,
(Remember this, ye rhyming Temple Sparks!
" In all our author's tenures, be it noted,
" This is the fourth time any verſe is quoted."
Which, 'gainſt the Muſe and verſe, may well imply
What lawyers call a *noli proſequi*.

Quit then, dear George, O quit the barren field,
Which neither profit nor reward can yield!
What tho' the ſprightly ſcene, well acted, draws
From unpack'd Engliſhmen unbrib'd applauſe,
Some Monthly Grub, ſome Dennis of the age,
In print cries ſhame on the degen'rate ſtage *.

* See the very curious and VERY SIMILAR criticiſms on the comedy of the Jealous Wife, in the two Reviews, together with the moſt malicious and inſolent attack on the writer, and the author of this Collection in the Critical Review for March; an injury poorly repaired by a lame apology in the Review for the ſucceeding month, containing freſh inſults on one of the injured parties.

If

If haply Churchill ſtrive with generous aim,
To fan the ſparks of genius to a flame;
If all UNASK'D, UNKNOWING, AND UNKNOWN,
By noting thy deſert, he prove his own;
Envy ſhall ſtrait to Hamilton's repair,
And vent her ſpleen, and gall, and venom there,
Thee, and thy works, and all thy friends decry,
And boldly print and publiſh a rank lie,
Swear your own hand the flatt'ring likeneſs drew,
Swear your own breath fame's partial trumpet blew.

Well I remember oft your friends have ſaid,
(Friends, whom the ſureſt maxims ever led)
Turn parſon, Colman, that's the way to thrive:
Your parſons are the happieſt men alive.
Judges, there are but twelve, and never more,
But Stalls untold, and Biſhops, twenty-four.
Of pride and claret, ſloth and ven'ſon full,
Yon prelate mark, right reverend and dull!
He ne'er, good man, need penſive vigils keep
To preach his audience once a week to ſleep;
On rich preferments battens at his eaſe,
Nor ſweats for tithes, as lawyers toil for fees.

Thus they adviſ'd. I know thee better far;
And cry, ſtick cloſe, dear Colman, to the Bar!

If

If genius warm thee, where can genius call
For nobler action than in yonder hall?
'Tis not enough each morn, on Term's approach,
To club your legal threepence for a coach;
Then at the Hall to take your silent stand,
With ink-horn and long note-book in your hand,
Marking grave serjeants cite each wise report,
And noting down sage dictums from the court,
With overwhelming brow, and law-learn'd face,
The index of your book of common-place.

These are mere drudges, that can only plod,
And tread the path their dull forefathers trod,
Doom'd thro' law's maze, without a clue, to range,
From *second Vernon* down to *second Strange*.
Do Thou uplift thine eyes to happier wits!
Dulness no longer on the woolpack sits;
No longer on the drawling droniſh herd
Are the first honours of the law confer'd;
But they whose fame reward's due tribute draws,
Whose active merit challenges applause,
Like glorious beacons, are set high to view,
To mark the paths which genius shou'd persue.

O for thy spirit, MANSFIELD! at thy name
What bosom glows not with an active flame?

Alone

Alone from Jargon born to reſcue Law,
From precedent, grave hum, and formal ſaw!
To ſtrip chican'ry of its vain pretence,
And marry Common Law to Common Senſe!

PRATT! on thy lips perſuaſion ever hung!
Engliſh falls, pure as Manna, from thy tongue:
On thy voice truth may reſt, and on thy plea
Unerring HENLEY found the juſt decree.

HENLEY! than whom, to HARDWICK's well-rais'd fame,
No worthier ſecond Royal GEORGE cou'd name:
No lawyer of prerogative; no tool
Faſhion'd in black corruption's pliant ſchool;
Form'd 'twixt the People and the Crown to ſtand,
And hold the ſcales of right with even hand!

True to our hopes, and equal to his birth,
See, ſee in YORK the force of lineal worth!

But why their ſev'ral merits need I tell?
Why on each honour'd ſage's praiſes dwell?
WILMOT how well his place, or FOSTER fills?
Or ſhrew'd ſenſe beaming from the eye of WILLS?

Such,

Such, while thou ſee'ſt the public care engage,
Their fame increaſing with increaſing age,
Rais'd by true genius, bred in Phœbus' ſchool,
Whoſe warmth of ſoul ſound judgment knew to cool;
— With ſuch illuſtrious proofs before your eyes,
Think not, my friend, you've too much wit to riſe:
Think of the bench, the coif, long robe, and fee,
And leave the Preſs to ********* *** ** **.

THE

THE POETRY PROFESSORS.

OLD ENGLAND has not loſt her pray'r,
And GEORGE, (thank heav'n!) has got an heir.
A royal babe, a PRINCE of WALES.
——Poets! I pity all your nails——
What reams of paper will be ſpoil'd!
What *graduſes* be daily ſoil'd
By inky fingers, greaſy thumbs,
Hunting the word that never comes!

Now *Academics* pump their wits,
And laſh in vain their lazy *tits*;
In vain they whip, and flaſh, and ſpur,
The callous jades will never ſtir;
Nor can they reach *Parnaſſus'* hill,
Try every method which they will.
Nay, ſhould the tits get on for once,
Each rider is ſo *grave* a dunce,
That, as I've heard good judges ſay,
'Tis ten to one they'd loſe their way;
Tho' not one wit beſtrides the back
Of uſeful drudge, ycleped hack,

But

But fine *bred things* of *mettled blood*,
Pick'd from *Apollo*'s royal *ſtud*.
Greek, *Roman*, nay *Arabian* ſteeds,
Or thoſe our mother country breeds;
Some ride ye *in*, and ride ye *out*,
And to come *home* go round *about*,
Nor on the green ſwerd, nor the road,
And that I think they call an ODE.
Some take the pleaſant country air,
And ſmack their whips and drive a pair,
Each horſe with bells which clink and chime,
And ſo *they* march — and that is *rhime*.
Some copy with prodigious ſkill
The figures of a *buttery-bill*,
Which, with great folks of erudition,
Shall paſs for *Coptic* or *Phœnician*.
While ſome, as *patriot* love prevails,
To compliment a prince of *Wales*,
Salute the royal babe in *Welſh*,
And ſend forth *gutturals* like a belch.

What pretty things imagination
Will fritter out in adulation!
The *Pagan* Gods ſhall viſit earth,
To triumph in a *Chriſtian*'s birth.

While *claſſic* poets, pure and chaſte,
Of *trim* and *academic* TASTE,
Shall lug them in by head and ſhoulders,
To be or *ſpeakers*, or *beholders*.
MARS ſhall preſent him with a lance,
To humble *Spain* and conquer *France*;
The GRACES, buxom, blith, and gay,
Shall at his cradle *dance the Hay*;
And VENUS, with her train of LOVES,
Shall bring a thouſand pair of *doves*
To bill, to coo, to whine, to ſqueak,
Through all the *dialects* of *Greek*.
How many *ſwains* of claſſic breed,
Shall *deftly* tune their *oaten* reed,
And bring their *Doric* nymphs to town,
To ſing their meaſures *up* and *down*,
In notes *alternate* clear and ſweet,
Like *Ballad-ſingers* in a ſtreet.
While thoſe who graſp at reputation,
From *imitating imitation*,
Shall hunt each cranny, nook, and creek,
For *precious* fragments in the *Greek*,
And *rob the ſpital*, and the *waſte*,
For ſenſe, and ſentiment, and taſte.

What Latin *hodge-podge*, Grecian *haſh*,
With Hebrew *roots*, and Engliſh *traſh*,
Shall academic cooks produce
For preſent ſhow and future uſe!
Fellows! who've ſoak'd away their knowledge,
In *ſleepy* reſidence at college;
Whoſe lives are like a ſtagnant pool,
Muddy and placid, dull and cool;
Mere drinking, eating; eating, drinking;
With no impertinence of thinking;
Who lack no farther erudition,
Than juſt to *ſet* an impoſition
To cramp, demoliſh, and diſpirit,
Each true begotten child of merit;
Cenſors, who, in the day's broad light,
Puniſh the vice they act at night;
Whoſe charity with *ſelf* begins,
Nor covers others venial ſins;
But that their feet may ſafely tread,
Take up hypocriſy inſtead,
As knowing that muſt always hide
A multitude of ſins beſide;
Whoſe ruſty wit is at a ſtand,
Without a *freſhman* at their hand;
(Whoſe ſervice muſt of courſe create
The juſt return of ſev'n-fold hate)

Lord!

Lord! that ſuch *good* and *uſeful* men
Should ever turn to books agen.

YET matter muſt be gravely plann'd,
And ſyllables on fingers ſcann'd,
And racking pangs rend lab'ring head,
Till lady Muſe is brought to-bed:
What hunting, changing, toiling, ſweating,
To bring the uſeful epithet in!
Where the crampt meaſure kindly ſhows
It *will* be verſe, but *ſhould* be proſe.
So, when its neither light nor dark,
To 'prentice ſpruce, or lawyer's clerk,
The nymph, who takes her nightly ſtand
At ſome ſly corner in the Strand,
Plump in the cheſt, tight in the boddice,
Seems to the eye a perfect goddeſs;
But canvaſs'd more minutely o'er,
Turns out an old, ſtale, batter'd whore.

Yet muſt theſe ſons of GOWNED EASE,
Proud of the plumage of *Degrees*,
Forſake their APATHY a while,
To figure in the *Roman* ſtile,
And offer incenſe at the ſhrine
Of LATIN POETRY *Divine*.

Upon a throne the goddeſs ſits,
Surrounded by her *bulky* wits;
FABRICIUS, COOPER, CALEPINE,
AINSWORTHIUS, FABER, CONSTANTINE;
And he, who like DODONA ſpoke,
DE SACRA QUERCU, HOLYOAKE;
Theſe are her counſellors of ſtate,
Men of much words, and wits of *weight*;
Here GRADUS, full of *phraſes clever*,
Lord of her *treaſury* for ever,
With liberal hand his bounty deals;
SIR CENTO KEEPER of the *Seals*.
Next to the perſon of the queen,
Old madam PROSODY is ſeen;
Talking inceſſant, altho' dumb,
Upon her fingers to her thumb.

And all around are portaits hung
Of heroes in the *Latin* Tongue;
Italian, *Engliſh*, *German*, *French*,
Who moſt laborioufly entrench
In deep parade of language *dead*,
What would not in their *own* be read,
Without impeachment of that TASTE,
Which LATIN IDIOM turns to *chaſte*.

SANTOLIUS

SANTOLIUS here, whoſe flippant joke,
Sought refuge in a *Roman* cloak:
With dull COMMIRIUS at his ſide,
In all the pomp of jeſuit pride.
MENAGE, the pedant figur'd there,
A trifler with a ſolemn air:
And there in looſe, unſeemly view,
The graceleſs, eaſy LOVELING *too*.

'Tis here grave poets urge their claim,
For ſome thin blaſt of tiny fame;
Here bind their temples drunk with praiſe,
With half a ſprig of *wither'd* bays.

O poet, if that honour'd name
Befits ſuch idle childiſh aim;
If VIRGIL aſk thy ſacred care,
If HORACE charm thee, oh forbear
To ſpoil with ſacrilegious hand,
The glories of the CLASSIC land:
Nor ſow thy *dowlas* on the SATTIN,
Of *their* pure uncorrupted Latin.
Better be native in thy verſe,——
What is FINGAL but genuine *Erſe?*
Which all ſublime ſonorous flows,
Like HERVEY's thoughts in drunken proſe.

Hail, SCOTLAND, hail, to thee belong
All pow'rs, but moſt the pow'rs of ſong;
Whether the rude unpoliſh'd *Erſe*
Stalk in the buckram *Proſe* or *Verſe*,
Or bonny RAMSAY pleaſe thee *mo'*,
Who *ſang ſae* ſweetly *aw* his woe.
If ought (and ſay who knows ſo well)
The ſecond-ſighted Muſe can tell,
Thy happy LAIRDS ſhall laugh and ſing,
When ENGLAND's GENIUS droops his wing.
So ſhall thy ſoil new wealth diſcloſe,
So thy own THISTLE choak the ROSE.

But what comes here? Methinks I ſee
A *walking* univerſity.
See how they preſs to croſs the TWEED,
And ſtrain their limbs with eager ſpeed!
While SCOTLAND, from her *fertile* ſhore,
Cries, On my ſons, return no more.

Hither they haſte with willing mind,
Nor caſt one *longing* look behind;
On *ten-toe* carriage to ſalute,
The k——g, and q——n, and EARL OF BUTE.

No

No more the gallant *Northern* ſons
Spout forth their ſtrings of *Latin* puns;
Nor *courſe* all languages to frame,
The quibble ſuited to their name;
As when their anceſtors *be-vers'd*,
That *glorious* STUART, JAMES the FIRST.
But with that elocution's GRACE,
That oratorial flaſhy *Lace*,
Which the fam'd *Iriſh* TOMMY PUFF,
Would ſow on ſentimental *ſtuff*;
Twang with a ſweet pronunciation,
The flow'rs of bold imagination.
MACPHERSON leads the flaming van,
LAIRD of the *new* Fingalian clan;
While JACKY HOME brings up the rear,
With new-got penſion neat and clear
Three hundred *Engliſh* pounds a year.
While ſiſter PEG, our *ancient Friend*,
Sends MAC's and DONLD's without end;
To GEORGE awhile they tune their lays,
Then all their choral voices raiſe,
To heap their panegyric wit on
Th' illuſtrious chief, and our NORTH BRITON.

Hail to the THANE, whoſe *patriot* ſkill
Can break all nations to his will;

Davidson College Library

Maſter of ſciences and arts,
MÆCENAS to all men of parts;
Whoſe foſt'ring hand, and ready wit,
Shall find *us* all in places fit;
So ſhall thy friends no longer roam,
But change to meet a ſettled home.
Hail mighty THANE, for SCOTLAND born,
To fill her almoſt empty horn:
Hail to thy ancient glorious *ſtem*,
NOT THEY *from Kings*, BUT KINGS FROM THEM.

THE

THE CIT'S COUNTRY BOX, 1757.

Vos ſapere & ſolos aio bene vivere, quorum,
Conſpicitur nitidis fundata pecunia villis. HOR.

THE wealthy Cit, grown old in trade,
Now wiſhes for the rural ſhade,
And buckles to his one-horſe chair,
Old *Dobbin*, or the founder'd mare;
While wedg'd in cloſely by his ſide,
Sits Madam, his unwieldy bride,
With *Jacky* on a ſtool before 'em,
And out they jog in due decorum.
Scarce paſt the turnpike half a mile,
How all the country ſeems to ſmile!
And as they ſlowly jog together,
The Cit commends the road and weather;
While Madam doats upon the trees,
And longs for ev'ry houſe ſhe ſees,
Admires its views, its ſituation,
And thus ſhe opens her oration.

What ſignify the loads of wealth,
Without that richeſt jewel, health?

Excuſe

Excuſe the fondneſs of a wife,
Who doats upon your precious life!
Such eaſeleſs toil, ſuch conſtant care,
Is more than human ſtrength can bear.
One may obſerve it in your face —
Indeed, my dear, you break apace:
And nothing can your health repair,
But exerciſe and country air.
Sir Traffic has a houſe, you know,
About a mile from *Cheney-Row*;
He's a *good* man, indeed 'tis true,
But not ſo *warm*, my dear, as you:
And folks are always apt to ſneer —
One would not be out-done my dear!

Sir Traffic's name ſo well apply'd
Awak'd his brother merchant's pride;
And Thrifty, who had all his life
Paid utmoſt deference to his wife,
Confeſs'd her arguments had reaſon,
And by th' approaching ſummer ſeaſon,
Draws a few hundreds from the ſtocks,
And purchaſes his Country Box.

Some three or four mile out of town,
(An hour's ride will bring you down,)

He

He fixes on his choice abode,
Not half a furlong from the road:
And ſo convenient does it lay,
The ſtages paſs it ev'ry day:
And then ſo ſnug, ſo mighty pretty,
To have an houſe ſo near the city!
Take but your places at the Boar
You're ſet down at the very door.

Well then, ſuppoſe them fix'd at laſt,
White-waſhing, painting, ſcrubbing paſt,
Hugging themſelves in eaſe and clover,
With all the fuſs of moving over;
Lo, a new heap of whims are bred!
And wanton in my lady's head.

Well to be ſure, it muſt be own'd,
It is a charming ſpot of ground;
So ſweet a diſtance for a ride,
And all about ſo *countrified!*
'Twould come but to a trifling price
To make it quite a paradiſe;
I cannot bear thoſe naſty rails,
Thoſe ugly broken mouldy pales:
Suppoſe, my dear, inſtead of theſe,
We build a railing, all Chineſe.

Although

Although one hates to be expos'd;
'Tis diſmal to be thus inclos'd;
One hardly any object ſees —
I wiſh you'd fell thoſe odious trees.
Objects continual paſſing by
Were ſomething to amuſe the eye,
But to be pent within the walls—
One might as well be at St. Paul's.
Our houſe, beholders would adore,
Was there a level lawn before,
Nothing its views to incommode,
But quite laid open to the road;
While ev'ry trav'ler in amaze,
Should on our little manſion gaze,
And pointing to the choice retreat,
Cry, that's Sir Thrifty's Country Seat.

No doubt her arguments prevail,
For Madam's TASTE can never fail.

Bleſt age! when all men may procure,
The title of a Connoiſſeur;
When noble and ignoble herd,
Are govern'd by a ſingle word;
Though, like the royal German dames,
It bears an hundred Chriſtian names;

As Genius, Fancy, Judgement, Goût,
Whim, Caprice, Je-ne-ſcai-quoi, Virtu:
Which appellations all deſcribe
TASTE, and the modern *taſteful* tribe.

Now bricklay'rs, carpenters, and joiners,
With Chineſe artiſts, and deſigners,
Produce their ſchemes of alteration,
To work this wond'rous reformation.
The uſeful dome, which ſecret ſtood,
Emboſom'd in the yew-tree's wood,
The trav'ler with amazement ſees
A temple, Gothic, or Chineſe,
With many a bell, and tawdry rag on,
And creſted with a ſprawling dragon;
A wooden arch is bent aſtride
A ditch of water, four foot wide,
With angles, curves, and zigzag lines,
From Halfpenny's exact deſigns.
In front, a level lawn is ſeen,
Without a ſhrub upon the green,
Where Taſte would want its firſt great law,
But for the ſkulking, ſly *ha-ha*,
By whoſe miraculous aſſiſtance,
You gain a proſpect two fields diſtance.

And

And now from Hyde-Park Corner come
The Gods of Athens, and of Rome.
Here ſquabby Cupids take their places,
With Venus, and the clumſy Graces:
Apollo there, with aim ſo clever,
Stretches his leaden bow for ever;
And there, without the pow'r to fly,
Stands fix'd a tip-toe Mercury.

The villa thus completely grac'd,
All own that Thrifty has a Taſte;
And Madam's female friends, and couſins,
With common-council-men, by dozens,
Flock every Sunday to the Seat,
To ſtare about them, and to eat.

GENIUS, ENVY, AND TIME,

A FABLE;

ADDRESSED TO WILLIAM HOGARTH, ESQ;

IN all profeſſionary ſkill,
There never was, nor ever will
Be excellence, or exhibition,
But fools are up in oppoſition;
Each letter'd, grave, pedantic dunce
Wakes from his lethargy at once,
Shrugs, ſhakes his head, and rubs his eyes,
And, being dull, looks wond'rous wiſe,
With ſolemn phiz, and critic ſcowl,
The wiſdom of his brother owl.

MODERNS! He hates the very name;
Your Antients have preſcriptive claim:—
But let a century be paſt,
And We have taſte and wit at laſt;
For at that period Moderns too
Juſt turn the corner of *Virtù*.

But

But merit now has little claim
To any meed of preſent fame,
For 'tis not worth that gets you friends,
'Tis excellence that moſt offends.
If, Proteus-like, a GARRICK's art,
Shews taſte and ſkill in every part;
If, ever juſt to nature's plan,
He is in all the very man,
E'en here ſhall Envy take her aim,
— — — write, and — — — blame.
The JEALOUS WIFE, tho' chaſtly writ,
With no parade of frippery wit,
Shall ſet a ſcribbling, all at once,
Both giant wit, and pigmy dunce;
While Critical Reviewers write,
Who ſhew their teeth before they bite,
And ſacrifice each reputation,
From wanton falſe imagination.
Theſe obſervations, rather ſtale,
May borrow ſpirit from a tale.

GENIUS, a buſtling lad of parts,
Who all things did by fits and ſtarts,
Nothing above him or below him,
Who'd make a riot, or a poem,

From

From excentricity of thought,
Not always do the thing he ought;
But was it once his own election,
Would bring all matters to perfection;
Would act, design, engrave, write, paint,
But neither from the leaſt conſtraint,
Who hated all pedantic ſchools,
And ſcorn'd the gloſs of knowing fools,
That hold perfection all in all,
Yet treat it as *mechanical*,
And give the ſame ſufficient rule
To make a poem, as a ſtool—
From the firſt ſpring-time of his youth,
Was downright worſhipper of truth;
And with a free and liberal ſpirit,
His courtſhip paid to lady MERIT.

ENVY, a ſquint-ey'd, mere old maid,
Well known among the ſcribbling trade;
A hag, ſo very, very thin,
Her bones peep'd through her bladder-ſkin;
Who could not for her ſoul abide
That folks ſhou'd praiſe, where ſhe muſt chide,
Follow'd the Youth where'er he went,
To mar each good and brave intent;

Would lies, and plots, and miſchief hatch,
To ruin HIM and ſpoil the match.
Honour ſhe held at bold defiance,
Talk'd much of *Faction*, Gang, Alliance,
As if the real ſons of taſte
Had clubb'd to lay a DESART waſte.

In ſhort, wherever GENIUS came,
You'd find this Antiquated Dame;
Whate'er he did, where'er he went,
She follow'd only to torment;
Call'd MERIT by a thouſand names,
Which decency or truth diſclaims,
While all her buſineſs, toil, and care,
Was to depreciate, lye, compare,
To pull the Modeſt Maiden down,
And blaſt her fame to all the town.

The Youth, inflam'd with conſcious pride,
To Prince POSTERITY apply'd,
Who gave his anſwer thus in rhyme,
By his chief miniſter, Old TIME.

" Repine not at what pedants ſay,
" We'll bring thee forward on the way;

" If

" If wither'd ENVY ſtrive to hurt
" With lies, with impudence and dirt,
" You only pay a common tax
" Which fool, and knave, and dunce exacts.
" Be this thy comfort, this thy joy,
" Thy ſtrength is in its prime, my boy,
" And ev'ry year thy vigour grows,
" Impairs the credit of my foes.
" ENVY ſhall ſink, and be no more
" Than what her NAIADS were before;
" Mere excremental maggots, bred
" In poet's topſy-turvy head,
" Born like a momentary fly,
" To flutter, buzz about, and die.

" Yet, GENIUS, mark what I preſage,
" Who look through every diſtant age:
" MERIT ſhall bleſs thee with her charms,
" FAME lift thy offspring in her arms,
" And ſtamp eternity of grace
" On all thy numerous various race.
" ROUBILLIAC, WILTON, names as high
" As *Phidias* of antiquity,
" Shall ſtrength, expreſſion, manner give,
" And make e'en marble breathe and live;

" While SIGISMUNDA's deep diſtreſs,
" Which looks the ſoul of wretchedneſs,
" When I, with ſlow and ſoft'ning pen,
" Have gone o'er all the tints agen,
" Shall urge a bold and proper claim
" To level half the antient fame;
" While future ages yet unknown
" With critic air ſhall proudly own
" Thy HOGARTH firſt of every clime,
" For humour keen, or ſtrong ſublime,
" And hail him from his fire and ſpirit,
" The child of GENIUS and of MERIT."

THE

THE HARE AND TORTOISE, 1757.

A FABLE.

GENIUS, bleſt term, of meaning wide,
For ſure no term ſo miſapply'd,
How many bear thy ſacred name,
That never felt a real flame!
Proud of the ſpecious appellation,
Thus fools have chriſten'd inclination.

But yet ſuppoſe a genius true,
Exempli gratiâ, me or you:
Whate'er he tries with due attention,
Rarely eſcapes his apprehenſion;
Surmounting ev'ry oppoſition,
You'd ſwear he learnt by intuition.
Shou'd he rely alone on parts,
And ſtudy therefore but by ſtarts?
Sure of ſucceſs whene'er he tries,
Should he forego the means to riſe?

Suppoſe your watch a Graham make,
Gold, if you will, for value's ſake;

Its ſprings within in order due,
No watch, when going, goes ſo true;
If ne'er wound up with proper care,
What ſervice is it in the wear?

Some genial ſpark of Phœbus' rays,
Perhaps within your boſom plays:
O how the purer rays aſpire,
If application fans the fire!
Without it Genius vainly tries,
Howe'er ſometimes it ſeem to riſe:
Nay application will prevail,
When braggart parts and Genius fail:
And now to lay my proof before ye,
I here preſent you with a ſtory.

In days of yore, when time was young,
When birds convers'd as well as ſung,
When uſe of ſpeech was not confin'd,
Merely to brutes of human kind,
A forward Hare, of ſwiftneſs vain,
The Genius of the neighb'ring plain,
Wou'd oft deride the drudging croud:
For Geniuſes are ever proud.
He'd boaſt, his flight 'twere vain to follow,
For dog and horſe he'd *beat them hollow*,

Nay,

Nay, if he put forth all his ſtrength,
Outſtrip his brethren *half a length.*

A Tortoiſe heard his vain oration,
And vented thus his indignation.
Oh Puſs, it bodes thee dire diſgrace,
When I defy thee to the race.
Come, 'tis a match, nay, no denial,
I lay my ſhell upon the trial.

'Twas done and gone, all fair, a bet,
Judges prepar'd, and diſtance ſet.

The ſcamp'ring Hare outſtript the wind,
The creeping Tortoiſe lagg'd behind,
And ſcarce had paſs'd a ſingle pole,
When Puſs had almoſt reach'd the goal.
Friend Tortoiſe, quoth the jeering Hare,
Your burthen's more than you can bear,
To help your ſpeed, it were as well
That I ſhould eaſe you of your ſhell:
Jog on a little faſter pr'ythee,
I'll take a nap, and then be with thee.
So ſaid, ſo done, and ſafely ſure,
For ſay, what conqueſt more ſecure?

Whene'er he wak'd (that's all that's in it)
He could o'ertake him in a minute.

The tortoiſe heard his taunting jeer,
But ſtill reſolv'd to *perſevere*,
Still draw'd along, as who ſhould ſay,
I'll win, like Fabius, by delay;
On to the goal ſecurely crept,
While Puſs unknowing ſoundly ſlept.'

The bets were won, the Hare awake,
When thus the victor Tortoiſe ſpake.
Puſs, tho' I own thy quicker parts,
Things are not always done by ſtarts.
You may deride my aukward pace,
But *ſlow and ſteady* wins the race.

THE SATYR AND PEDLAR, 1757.

WORDS are, ſo Wollaſton defines,
Of our ideas merely ſigns,
Which have a pow'r at will to vary,
As being vague and arbitrary.
Now *damn'd* for inſtance—all agree,
Damn'd's the *ſuperlative degree*;
Means *that* alone, and nothing more,
However taken heretofore;
Damn'd is a word can't ſtand alone,
Which has no meaning of its own,
But ſignifies or bad or good
Juſt as its neighbour's underſtood.
Examples we may find enough,
Damn'd high, *damn'd* low, *damn'd* fine, *damn'd* ſtuff.
So fares it too with its relation,
I mean its ſubſtantive, *damnation*.
The wit with metaphors makes bold,
And tells you he's *damnation* cold;
Perhaps, that metaphor forgot,
The ſelf-ſame wit's *damnation* hot.

And here a fable I remember—
Once in the middle of December,
When ev'ry mead in ſnow is loſt,
And ev'ry river bound with froſt,
When families get all together,
And feelingly talk o'er the weather;
When—pox on the deſcriptive rhyme—
In ſhort it was the winter time.
It was a Pedlar's happy lot,
To fall into a Satyr's cot:
Shiv'ring with cold, and almoſt froze,
With pearly drop upon his noſe,
His fingers' ends all pinch'd to death,
He blew upon them with his breath.
" Friend, quoth the Satyr, what intends
" That blowing on thy fingers ends?
" It is to warm them thus I blow,
" For they are froze as cold as ſnow.
" And ſo inclement has it been
" I'm like a cake of ice within."
Come, quoth the Satyr, comfort, man!
I'll chear thy inſide, if I can;
You're welcome in my homely cottage
To a warm fire, and meſs of pottage.

This ſaid, the Satyr, nothing loth,
A bowl prepar'd of ſav'ry broth,
Which with delight the Pedlar view'd,
As ſmoking on the board it ſtood.
But, though the very ſteam aroſe
With grateful odour to his noſe,
One ſingle ſip he ventur'd not,
The gruel was ſo wond'rous hot.
What can be done?---with gentle puff
He blows it, 'till it's cool enough.

Why how now, Pedlar, what's the matter?
Still at thy blowing! quoth the Satyr.
I blow to cool it, cries the Clown,
That I may get the liquor down:
For though I grant, you've made it well,
You've boil'd it, ſir, as hot as hell.

Then raiſing high his cloven ſtump,
The Satyr ſmote him on the rump.
" Begone, thou double knave, or fool,
" With the ſame breath to warm and cool:
" Friendſhip with ſuch I never hold
" Who're ſo *damn'd* hot, and ſo *damn'd* cold.

THE NIGHTINGALE, THE OWL, AND THE CUCKOW.

A FABLE.

ADDRESSED TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

ON THE REPORT OF HIS RETIRING FROM THE STAGE, DEC. 1760.

CRITICS, who like the ſcarecrows ſtand
Upon the poet's common land,
And with ſeverity of ſenſe,
Drive all imagination thence,
Say that in truth lies all ſublime,
Whether you write in proſe or rhyme.
And yet the truth may loſe its grace,
If blurted to a perſon's face;
Eſpecially if what you ſpeak
Shou'd crimſon o'er the glowing cheek:
For when you throw that ſlaver o'er him,
And tumble out your praiſe before him,

However

However juſt the application,
It looks a-ſquint at adulation.

I would be honeſt and ſincere,
But not a flatterer, or ſevere.
Need I be ſurly, rough, uncouth,
That folks may think I love the truth?
And She, good dame, with Beauty's Queen,
Was not at all times naked ſeen:
For every boy, with Prior, knows,
By accident ſhe loſt her cloaths,
When Falſhood ſtole them to diſguiſe
Her miſbegotten brood of lies.
Why ſhould the prudiſh Goddeſs dwell
Down at the bottom of a well,
But that ſhe is in pitious fright,
Leſt, riſing up to mortal ſight,
The modeſt world ſhou'd fleer and flout her,
With not a rag of cloaths about her?
Yet ſhe might wear a proper dreſs
And keep her eſſence ne'ertheleſs.
So Delia's boſom ſtill will riſe,
And faſcinate her lover's eyes,
Tho' round her ivory neck ſhe draws,
The decent ſhade of ſpecious gauze.

I hear

I hear it buzz'd about the table,
What can this lead to?———Sirs,

A FABLE.

When Birds allow'd the Eagle's ſway,
Ere Eagles turn'd to fowls of prey,
His Royal Majeſty of Air
Took Muſic underneath his care;
And, for his queen and court's delight,
Commanded Concerts ev'ry night.
Here every Bird of Parts might enter,
The Nightingale was made Præcentor;
Under whoſe care and juſt direction,
Merit was ſure to meet protection.
The Lark, the Blackbird, and the Robin
This concert always bore a bob in:
The beſt performers all were in it,
The Thruſh, Canary-bird, and Linnet.

But Birds, alas! are apt to aim
At things, to which they've ſmalleſt claim.
The ſtaring Owl, with hideous hoot,
Offer'd his ſervice for a flute.
The Cuckow needs would join the band;
"The Thruſh is but a paultry hand:

"And

" And I can beſt ſupply that place,
" For I've a ſhake, a ſwell, a grace."

The Manager their ſuit preferr'd :
Both tun'd their pipes, and both were heard ;
Yet each their ſeveral praiſes miſs'd,
For both were heard, and both were hiſs'd.

The Cuckow hence, with rancour ſtirr'd,
(A kind of *periodic* bird,
Of naſty hue, and body ſcabby,
No would-be-play-wright half ſo ſhabby)
Reviles, abuſes, and defames,
Screams from a branch, and calls hard names,
And ſtrikes at Nightingale or Lark,
Like Liſbon ruffians, in the dark.

The Owl harangues the gaping throng
On *Pow'rs*, and excellence of ſong,
" The Blackbird's note has loſt its force ;
" The Nightingale is downright hoarſe ;
" The Linnet's harſh ; the Robin ſhrill ;
" — The Sparrow has prodigious ſkill !

At length they had what they desir'd:
The skilful Nightingale retir'd.
When Folly came, with wild Uproar,
And Harmony was heard no more.

A TALE.

A TALE.

VENUS, of laughter queen and love,
The greateſt demirep above,
Who ſcorn'd reſtriction, hated cuſtom,
Knew her own ſex too well to truſt 'em,
Proceeded on the noble plan,
At any rate, to have her man;
Look'd on decorum, as mere traſh,
And liv'd like *** and ***,
From Paphos, where they her revere
As much as we do Cælia here,
Or from Cythera, where her altars
Are deck'd with daggers, true-love halters,
Garters yclept, and other trophies,
Which prove that man in love an oaf is,
According to appointment, came
To ſee CÆCILIA, tuneful dame,
Whoſe praiſe by Dryden's Ode is grown
Bright and immortal as his own,
And who hath been for many years
The chief directreſs of the ſpheres.

Thomas, who rode behind the car,
And for a flambeau held a ſtar,
Who, in the honeſt way of trade,
Hath forg'd more horns, and cuckolds made,
Than Vulcan and his brawny dolts
Ever for Jove forg'd thunderbolts,
Slipt gently down, and ran before 'em,
Ringing the bell with due decorum.

But, truth to ſay, I cannot tell
Whether it Knocker was or Bell,
(This for vertù an anecdote is,)
Which us'd to give CÆCILIA notice,
When any lady of the ſky
Was come to bear her company.
But this I'm ſure, be which it will,
Thomas perform'd his part with ſkill.

Methinks I hear the reader cry —
His part with ſkill? why, You or I,
Or any body elſe, as well
As Thomas, ſure, could ring a bell,
Nor did I ever hear before
Of ſkill in knocking at a door.

Poor low-liv'd creature! I ſuppoſe,
Nay, and am ſure, you're one of thoſe
Who, at what door ſoe'er they be,
Will always knock in the ſame key.
Thinking that Bell and Knocker too
Were found out nothing elſe to do,
But to inform the houſe, no doubt,
That there was ſomebody without,
Who, if they might ſuch favour win,
Would rather chuſe to be within.

But had our ſervants no more ſenſe,
Lord! what muſt be the conſequence?
Error would error ſtill purſue,
And ſtrife and anarchy enſue,
Punctilio from her altar hurl'd,
Whence ſhe declares unto the world
Whate'er by fancy is decreed,
Thro' all her niceties muſt bleed.

For if there was not to be found
Some wholeſome difference of ſound,
But the ſame rap foretold th' approach
Of him who walk'd, or rode in coach,
A poor relation now and then,
Might to my lord admittance gain,

When his good lordſhip hop'd to ſee
Some raſcal of his own degree;
And, what is more unhappy ſtill,
The ſtupid wretch who brings a bill,
Might paſs thro' all the motley tribe,
As free as one, who brings a bribe.

My lady too might pique her grace
With carriage ſtiff and formal face,
Which, ſhe deceiv'd, had taken care
For ſome inferior to prepare;
Or might ſome wretch from Lombard-ſtreet
With greater eaſe and freedom meet,
Than ſenſe of honour will admit
Between my lady and a cit.

Thoſe evils wiſely to prevent,
And root out care and diſcontent,
Ev'ry gay ſmart, who rides behind,
With roſe and bag in taſte refin'd,
Muſt muſick fully underſtand,
Have a nice ear and ſkilful hand;
At ev'ry turn be always found
A perfect connoiſſeur in ſound;
Thro' all the gamut ſkilful fly
Varying his notes, now low, now high,

According

According as he ſhifts his place;
Now hoarſely grumbling in the baſe,
Now turning tenor, and again
To treble raiſing his ſhrill ſtrain;
So to declare, where'er he be,
His maſter's fortune and degree,
By the diſtinguiſhing addreſs
Which he'll upon the door expreſs.

Thomas, whom I have nam'd before
As ringing at CÆCILIA's door,
Was perfect maſter of this art,
And vers'd alike in ev'ry part:
So that Cæcilia knew, before
Her footman came unto the door,
And in due form had told her ſo,
That Madam VENUS was below.

The doors immediate open flew,
The GODDESS, without more ado,
Diſplaying beauty's thouſand airs,
Skim'd thro' the hall, and trip'd up ſtairs.

CÆCILIA met her with a ſmile
Of great delight, when all the while

 If

If her falſe heart could have been ſeen,
She wiſh'd ſhe had at Cyprus been.

But ladies, ſkill'd in forms and arts,
Don't in their faces wear their hearts,
And thoſe above, like thoſe below,
Deal frequently in outſide ſhow,
And always to keep up parade,
Have a ſmile by them ready-made.

The forms, which ladies when they meet
Muſt for good-manners' ſake repeat,
As *humble ſervant, how d'you do,*
And in return, *pray how are you?*
Enrich'd at ev'ry proper ſpace
With due integuments of lace,
As Madam, Grace, and Goddeſhip,
Which we for brevity ſhall ſkip,
Happily paſt, in elbow-chair
At length our ladies ſeated are.

Indiff'rent ſubjects firſt they chuſe,
And talk of weather and the news.
That done, they ſit upon the ſtate,
And ſnarl at the decrees of fate,

Invectives

Invectives againſt Jove are hurl'd,
And They alone ſhould rule the world.

Dull politicks at length they quit,
And by ill-nature ſhew their wit;
For hand in hand, too well we know,
Theſe intimates are ſaid to go,
So that where either doth preſide
T' other's exiſtence is implied.
The man of wit, ſo men decree,
Muſt without doubt ill-natur'd be;
And the ill-natur'd ſcarce forgets
To rank himſelf among the wits.

Malicious VENUS, who by rote
Had ev'ry little anecdote,
And moſt minutely could advance
Each intereſting circumſtance,
Which unto all intrigues related,
Since Jupiter the world created,
Diſplay'd her eloquence with pride,
Hinted, obſerv'd, enlarg'd, applied;
And not the reader to detain
With things impertinent and vain,
She did, as ladies do on earth
Who cannot bear a rival's worth,

In ſuch a way each tale rehearſe
As good made bad, and bad made worſe.

Cæcilia too, with ſaint-like air,
But lately come from evening pray'r,
Who knew her duty, as a ſaint,
Always to pray, and not to faint,
And, rain or ſhine, her church ne'er miſt,
Prude, devotee, and methodiſt,
With equal zeal the cauſe promoted,
Miſconſtru'd things, and words miſquoted,
Miſrepreſented, miſapplied,
And, inſpiration being her guide,
The very heart of man diſſected,
And to his principles objected.
Thus, amongſt us, the ſanctified,
In all the ſpirituals of pride,
Whoſe honeſt conſciences ne'er reſted,
Till, of carnalities diveſted,
They knew and felt themſelves t'inherit
A double portion of the ſpirit:
Who from one church to t'other roam,
Whilſt their poor children ſtarve at home,
Conſid'ring they may claim the care
Of Providence, who ſent them there,

And therefore certainly is tied
To ſee their ev'ry want ſupplied ;
Who unto preachers give away,
That which their creditors ſhould pay,
And hold that choſen veſſels muſt
Be generous before they're juſt,
And that their charity this way
Shall bind o'er heaven their debts to pay,
And ſerve their temp'ral turn, no doubt,
Better than if they'd put it out,
Whilſt nought hereafter can prevent,
Their ſure reward of cent. per cent.
Who honeſt labour ſcorn, and ſay
None need to work who love to pray,
For heav'n will ſatisfy their cravings,
By ſending of Elijah's ravens,
Or rain down, when their ſpirits fail,
A diſh of manna, or a quail ;
Who from Moorfields to Tottenham Court
In furious fits of zeal reſort,
Praiſe what they do not underſtand,
Turn up the eye, ſtretch out the hand,
Melt into tears, whilſt ——— blows
The twang of nonſenſe thro' his noſe,
Or ——— deals in ſpeculation,
Or —— hums his congregation,

Or

Or ——— talks with the lord of hoſts,
——— with pillars and with poſts;
Who ſtrictly watch, leſt Satan ſhou'd,
Roaring like lion for his food,
Enſnare their feet his fatal trap in,
And their poor ſouls be taken napping;
Who ſtrictly faſt, becauſe they find,
The fleſh ſtill wars againſt the mind,
And fleſh of ſaints, like ſinner's, muſt
Be mortified, to keep down luſt;
Who, four times in the year at leaſt,
Join feaſt of love to love of feaſt,
Which, tho' the profligate and vain
In terms of blaſphemy prophane,
Yet all the ceremony here is
Pure as the myſteries of Ceres;
Who, God's elect, with triumph feel
Within themſelves ſalvation's ſeal,
And will not, muſt not, dare not doubt,
That heav'n itſelf can't blot it out;
After they've done their holy labours,
Return to ſcandalize their neighbours,
And think they can't ſerve heav'n ſo well,
As with its creatures filling hell:
So that, inflam'd with holy pride,
They ſave themſelves, damn all beſide.

For perſons, who pretend to feel
The glowings of uncommon zeal,
Who others ſcorn, and ſeem to be
Righteous in very great degree,
Do, 'bove all others, take delight
To vent their ſpleen in tales of ſpite,
And think they raiſe their own renown
By pulling of a neighbour's down;
Still lying on with moſt ſucceſs,
Becauſe they charity profeſs,
And make the out-ſide of religion,
Like Mahomet's inſpiring pigeon,
To all their forgeries gain credit,
'Tis enough ſure that ——— ſaid it.

But what can all this rambling mean?
Was ever ſuch an hodge-podge ſeen?
VENUS, CÆCILIA, Saints, and Whores,
Thomas, Vertù, Bells, Knockers, Doors,
Lords, Rogues, Relations, Ladies, Cits,
Stars, Flambeaux, Thunderbolts, Horns, Wits,
Vulcan, and Cuckold-maker, Scandal,
Muſic, and Footmen, Ear of Handel,
Weather, News, Envy, Politicks,
Intrigues, and Women's Thouſand Tricks,
Prudes,

Prudes, Methodiſts, and Devotees,
Faſtings, Feaſts, Pray'rs, and Charities,
Ceres, with her myſterious train,
———, ———, ———, and ———,
Fleſh, Spirit, Love, Hate, and Religion,
A Quail, a Raven, and a Pigeon,
All jumbled up in one large diſh,
Red-Herring, Bread, Fowl, Fleſh, and Fiſh.

Where's the connection, where's the plan?
The devil ſure is in the man.
All in an inſtant we are hurl'd
From place to place all round the world,
Yet find no reaſon for it — mum —
There, my good critic, lies the hum —
Well, but methinks, it wou'd avail
To know the end of this — A TALE.

SHAKESPEARE:

SHAKESPEARE:

AN EPISTLE TO MR. GARRICK.

THANKS to much induſtry and pains,
Much twiſting of the wit and brains,
Tranſlation has unlock'd the ſtore,
And ſpread abroad the Grecian lore,
While Sophocles his ſcenes are grown
E'en as familiar as our own.

No more ſhall taſte preſume to ſpeak
From its encloſures in the Greek;
But, all its fences broken down,
Lie at the mercy of the town.

Critic, I hear thy torrent rage,
" 'Tis blaſphemy againſt that ſtage,
" Which Æſchylus his warmth deſign'd,
" Euripides his taſte refin'd,
" And Sophocles his laſt direction,
" Stamp'd with the ſignet of perfection."

Protection!

Perfection! 'tis a word ideal,
That bears about it nothing real:
For excellence was never hit
In the firſt eſſays of man's wit.
Shall *ancient* worth, or *ancient* fame
Preclude the Moderns from their claim?
Muſt they be blockheads, dolts, and fools,
Who write not up to Grecian rules?
Who tread in buſkins or in ſocks.
Muſt they be damn'd as Heterodox,
Nor merit of good works prevail,
Except within the claſſic pale?
'Tis ſtuff that bears the name of knowledge,
Not current half a mile from college;
Where half their lectures yield no more
(Before I ſpeak of times of yore)
Than juſt a niggard light, to mark
How much we all are in the dark.
As ruſhlights in a ſpacious room,
Juſt burn enough to form a gloom.

When Shakeſpear leads the mind a dance,
From France to England, hence to France,
Talk not to me of time and place;
I own I'm happy in the chace.

Whether

Whether the drama's here or there,
'Tis nature, Shakeſpeare, every where.
The poet's fancy can create,
Contract, enlarge, annihilate,
Bring paſt and preſent cloſe together,
In ſpite of diſtance, ſeas, or weather;
And ſhut up in a ſingle action,
What coſt whole years in its tranſaction.
So, ladies at a play, or rout,
Can flirt the univerſe about,
Whoſe geographical account
Is drawn and pictured on the mount.
Yet, when they pleaſe, contract the plan,
And ſhut the world up in a fan.

True Genius, like Armida's wand,
Can raiſe the ſpring from barren land.
While all the art of Imitation,
Is pilf'ring from the firſt creation;
Tranſplanting flowers, with uſeleſs toil,
Which wither in a foreign ſoil.
As conſcience often ſets us right
By its interior active light,
Without th' aſſiſtance of the laws
To combat in the moral cauſe

So

So Genius, of itſelf diſcerning,
Without the myſtic rules of learning,
Can, from its preſent intuition,
Strike at the truth of compoſition.

Yet thoſe who breathe the claſſic vein,
Enliſted in the mimic train,
Who ride their ſteed with double bit,
Ne'er run away with by their wit,
Delighted with the pomp of rules,
The ſpecious pedantry of ſchools,
(Which rules, like crutches, ne'er became
Of any uſe but to the lame)
Purſue the method ſet before 'em;
Talk much of order, and decorum,
Of probability of fiction,
Of manners, ornament, and diction,
And with a jargon of hard names,
(A privilege which dulneſs claims,
And merely us'd by way of fence,
To keep out plain and common ſenſe)
Extol the wit of antient days,
The ſimple fabric of their plays;
Then from the fable, all ſo chaſte,
Trick'd up in ancient-modern taſte,

So

So mighty gentle all the while,
In ſuch a ſweet deſcriptive ſtile,
While Chorus marks the ſervile mode
With fine reflection, in an ode,
Preſent you with a perfect piece,
Form'd on the model of old Greece.

Come, pr'ythee Critic, ſet before us,
The uſe and office of a chorus.
What! ſilent! why then, I'll produce
Its ſervices from antient uſe.

'Tis to be ever on the ſtage,
Attendants upon grief or rage,
To be an arrant go-between,
Chief-mourner at each diſmal ſcene;
Shewing its ſorrow, or delight,
By ſhifting dances, left and right,
Not much unlike our modern notions,
Adagio or *Allegro* motions;
To watch upon the deep diſtreſs,
And plaints of royal wretchedneſs;
And when, with tears, and execration,
They've pour'd out all their lamentation,
And wept whole cataracts from their eyes,
To call on rivers for ſupplies,

And with their *Hais*, and *Hees*, and *Hoes*,
To make a ſymphony of woes.

Doubtleſs the Antients want the art
To ſtrike at once upon the heart:
Or why their prologues of a mile
In ſimple—call it—humble ſtile,
In unimpaſſion'd phraſe to ſay
" 'Fore the beginning of this play,
" I, hapleſs Polydore, was found
" By fiſhermen, or others drown'd!"
Or, " I, a gentleman, did wed,
" The lady I wou'd never bed,
" Great Agamemnon's royal daughter,
" Who's coming hither to draw water."

Or need the Chorus to reveal
Reflexions, which the audience feel;
And jog them, leſt attention ſink,
To tell them how and what to think?

Oh, where's the Bard, who at one view
Cou'd look the whole creation through,
Who travers'd all the human heart,
Without recourſe to Grecian art?

H

He ſcorn'd the modes of imitation,
Of altering, pilfering, and tranſlation,
Nor painted horror, grief, or rage,
From models of a former age;
The bright original he took,
And tore the leaf from nature's book.
'Tis Shakeſpeare, thus, who ſtands alone—
—But why repeat what *You* have ſhown?
How true, how perfect, and how well,
The feelings of our hearts muſt tell.

AN EPISTLE TO C. CHURCHILL,

AUTHOR OF THE ROSCIAD.

IF at a Tavern, where you'd wiſh to dine,
They cheat your palate with adulterate wine,
Would you, reſolve me, critics, for you can,
Send for the maſter up, or chide the man?
The man no doubt a knaviſh buſineſs drives,
But tell me what's the maſter who connives?
Hence you'll infer, and ſure the doctrine's true,
Which ſays, no quarter to a foul Review.
It matters not who vends the nauſeous ſlop,
Maſter or prentice; we deteſt the ſhop.

Critics of old, a manly liberal race,
Approv'd or cenſur'd with an open face:
Boldly purſu'd the free deciſive taſk,
Nor ſtabb'd, conceal'd beneath a ruffian's maſk.
To works not men, with honeſt warmth, ſevere,
Th' impartial judges laugh'd at hope or fear:
Theirs was the noble ſkill, with gen'rous aim,
To fan true genius to an active flame;

To

To bring forth merit in its ſtrongeſt light,
Or damn the blockhead to his native night.

But, as all ſtates are ſubject to decay,
The ſtate of letters too will melt away,
Smit with the harlot charms of trilling ſound,
Softneſs now wantons e'en on Roman ground;
Where Thebans, Spartans, ſought their honour'd graves,
Behold a weak enervate race of ſlaves.
In claſſic lore, deep ſcience, language dead,
Tho' modern witlings are but ſcantly read,
Profeſſors * fail not, who will loudly bawl
In praiſe of either, with the want of all:
Hail'd mighty critics to this preſent hour.
—The tribune's name ſurviv'd the tribune's pow'r.

Now Quack and Critic differ but in name,
Empirics frontleſs both, they mean the ſame;
This raw in Phyſic, that in Letters freſh,
Both ſpring, like warts, excreſcence from the fleſh.

* The author takes this opportunity, notwithſtanding all inſinuations to the contrary, to declare, that he has no particular aim at a gentleman, whoſe abilities he ſufficiently acknowledges.

Half form'd, half bred in printers' hireling ſchools,
For all profeſſions have their rogues and fools,
Tho' the pert witling, or the coward knave,
Caſts no reflection on the wiſe or brave.

Yet, in theſe leaden times, this idle age,
When, blind with dulneſs, or as blind with rage,
Author 'gainſt author rails with venom curſt,
And happy He who calls out blockhead firſt;
From the low earth aſpiring genius ſprings,
And ſails triumphant, born on eagle wings.
No toothleſs ſpleen, no venom'd critic's aim,
Shall rob thee, Churchill, of thy proper fame;
While hitch'd for ever in thy nervous rhyme,
Fool lives, and ſhines out fool to lateſt time.

Pity perhaps might wiſh a harmleſs fool
To ſcape th' obſervance of the critic ſchool;
But if low malice, leagu'd with folly, riſe,
Arm'd with invectives, and hedg'd round with lies;
Should wakeful dulneſs, if ſhe ever wake,
Write ſleepy nonſenſe but for writing's ſake,
And, ſtung with rage, and piouſly ſevere,
Wiſh bitter comforts to your dying ear;
If ſome ſmall wit, ſome *ſilk*-lin'd verſeman, rakes
For quaint reflections in the putrid jakes,

Talents

Talents uſurp'd demand a cenſor's rage,
A dunce is dunce proſcrib'd in ev'ry age.

Courtier, phyſician, lawyer, parſon, cit,
All, all are objects of theatric wit.
Are ye then, Actors, privileg'd alone,
To make that weapon, ridicule, your own?
Profeſſions bleed not from his juſt attack,
Who laughs at pedant, coxcomb, knave, or quack;
Fools on and off the ſtage are fools the ſame,
And every dunce is ſatire's lawful game.
Freely you thought, where thought has free'ſt room,
Why then apologize? for what? to whom?

Though Gray's-Inn wits with author ſquires unite,
And ſelf-made giants club their labour'd mite,
Though pointleſs ſatire make its weak eſcape,
In the dull babble of a mimic ape,
Boldly purſue where genius points the way,
Nor heed what monthly puny critics ſay.
Firm in thyſelf, with calm indifference ſmile,
When the wiſe Vet'ran knows you by your ſtile,
With critic ſcales weighs out the partial wit,
What I, or You, or He, or no one writ;

Denying thee thy juſt and proper worth,
But to give falſhood's ſpurious iſſue birth;
And all ſelf-will'd with lawleſs hand to raiſe
Malicious ſlander on the baſe of praiſe.

Diſgrace eternal wait the wretch's name
Who lives on credit of a borrow'd fame;
Who wears the trappings of another's wit,
Or fathers bantlings which he could not get!
But ſhrewd Suſpicion with her ſquinting eye,
To truth declar'd, prefers a whiſper'd lye.
With greedy mind the proffer'd tale believes,
Relates her wiſhes, and with joy deceives.

The World, a pompous name, by cuſtom due
To the ſmall circle of a talking few,
With heart-felt glee th' injurious tale repeats,
And ſends the whiſper buzzing through the ſtreets.
The prude demure, with ſober ſaint-like air,
Pities her neighbour for ſhe's wond'rous fair.
And when temptations lie before our feet,
Beauty is frail, and females indiſcreet.
She hopes the nymph will every danger ſhun,
Yet prays devoutly—that the deed were done.
Mean time ſits watching for the daily lie,
As ſpiders lurk to catch a ſimple fly.

Yet

Yet is not ſcandal to one ſex confin'd,
Though men would fix it on the weaker kind.
Yet, this great lord, creation's maſter, man,
Will vent his malice where the blockhead can,
Imputing crimes, of which e'en thought is free,
For inſtance now, your Roſciad, all to me.

If partial friendſhip, in thy ſterling lays,
Grows all too wanton in another's praiſe,
Critics, who judge by ways themſelves have known,
Shall ſwear the praiſe, the poem is my own;
For 'tis the method in theſe learned days
For wits to ſcribble firſt, and after praiſe.
Critics and Co. thus vend their wretched ſtuff,
And help out nonſenſe by a monthly puff,
Exalt to giant's forms weak puny elves,
And deſcant ſweetly on their own dear ſelves;
For works per month by learning's midwives paid,
Demand a puffing in the way of trade.

Reſerv'd and cautious, with no partial aim
My Muſe e'er ſought to blaſt another's fame.
With willing hand cou'd twine a rival's bays,
From candour ſilent where ſhe cou'd not praiſe.
But if vile rancour, from (no matter who)
Actor, or mimic, printer, or Review,

Lies,

Lies, oft o'erthrown, with ceaſeleſs venom ſpread
Still hiſs out ſcandal from their Hydra head,
If the dull malice boldly walk the town,
Patience herſelf wou'd wrinkle to a frown.
Come then with juſtice draw the ready pen,
Give me the works, I wou'd not know the men.
All in their turns might make repriſals too,
Had all the patience but to read them through.
Come, to the utmoſt, probe the deſperate wound,
Nor ſpare the knife where'er infection's found!

But, Prudence, Churchill, or her ſiſter, Fear,
Whiſpers forbearance to my fright'ned ear.
Oh! then with me forſake the thorny road,
Leſt we ſhould flounder in ſome Fleet-Ditch Ode,
And ſunk for ever in the lazy flood
Weep with the Naiads heavy drops of Mud.

Hail mighty Ode! which like a picture frame,
Holds any portrait, and with any name;
Or, like your nitches, planted thick and thin,
Will ſerve to cram the random hero in.

Hail mighty Bard too—whatſoe'er thy name,
——— or Durfy, for it's all the ſame.

To

To brother bards ſhall equal praiſe belong,
For wit, for genius, comedy and ſong?
No coſtive Muſe is thine, which freely rakes
With eaſe familiar in the well-known jakes,
Happy in ſkill to ſouſe through foul and fair,
And toſs the dung out with a *lordly* air.
So have I ſeen, amidſt the grinning throng,
The ſledge proceſſion ſlowly dragg'd along,
Where the mock female ſhrew and hen-peck'd male
Scoop'd rich contents from either copious pail,
Call'd burſts of laughter from the roaring rout,
And daſh'd and ſplaſh'd the filthy grains about.

Quit then, my friend, the Muſes' lov'd abode,
Alas! they lead not to preferment's road.
Be ſolemn, ſad, put on the prieſtly frown,
Be dull! 'tis ſacred, and becomes the gown.
Leave wit to others, do a Chriſtian deed,
Your foes ſhall thank you, for they know their need.

Broad is the path by learning's ſons poſſeſs'd,
A thouſand modern wits might walk abreaſt,
Did not each poet mourn his luckleſs doom,
Joſtled by pedants out of elbow room.
I, who nor court their love, nor fear their hate,
Muſt mourn in ſilence o'er the Muſe's fate.

No

No right of common now on Pindus' hill,
While all our tenures are by critic's will.
Where, watchful guardians of the lady muſe,
Dwell monſtrous giants, dreadful tall REVIEWS,
Who, as we read in fam'd romance of yore,
Sound but a horn, preſs forward to the door.
But let ſome chief, ſome bold advent'rous knight,
Provoke theſe champions to an equal fight,
Strait into air to ſpaceleſs nothing fall
The caſtle, lions, giants, dwarf and all.

Ill it befits with undiſcerning rage,
To cenſure Giants in this poliſh'd age.
No lack of genius ſtains theſe happy times,
No want of learning, and no dearth of rhymes.
The ſee-ſaw Muſe that flows by *meaſur'd* laws,
In tuneful numbers, and affected pauſe,
With ſound alone, ſound's happy virtue fraught,
Which hates the trouble and expence of thought,
Once, every moon throughout the circling year,
With even cadence charms the critic ear.
While, dire promoter of poetic ſin,
A *Magazine* muſt hand the lady in.

How *Moderns* write, how nervous, ſtrong and well,
The ANTI-ROSCIAD's decent Muſe *does* tell:

Who,

Who, while ſhe ſtrives to cleanſe each actor hurt,
Daubs with her praiſe, and rubs him into dirt.

Sure never yet was happy æra known
So gay, ſo wiſe, ſo *taſteful* as our own.
Our curious hiſtories riſe at once COMPLETE,
Yet ſtill *continued*, as they're paid, per ſheet.

See every ſcience which the world wou'd know,
Your Magazines ſhall every month beſtow,
Whoſe very titles fill the mind with awe,
Imperial, *Chriſtian*, *Royal*, *Britiſh*, *Law*;
Their rich contents will every reader fit,
Stateſman, *Divine*, *Philoſopher*, and *Wit*;
Compendious ſchemes! which teach all things at once,
And make a pedant coxcomb of a dunce.

But let not anger with ſuch frenzy grow,
Drawcanſir like, to ſtrike down friend and foe.
To real worth be homage duly paid,
But no allowance to the paltry trade.
My friends I name not (though I boaſt a few,
To me an honour, and to letters too)
Fain would I praiſe, but, when ſuch *Things* oppoſe,
My praiſe of courſe muſt make them ——'s foes.

If

If manly JOHNSON, with ſatyric rage,
Laſh the dull follies of a trifling age,
If his ſtrong Muſe with genuine ſtrength aſpire,
Glows not the reader with the poet's fire?
HIS the true fire, where creep the witling fry
To warm themſelves, and light their ruſhlights by.

What Muſe like GRAY's ſhall pleaſing penſive flow
Attemper'd ſweetly to the ruſtic woe?
Or who like him ſhall ſweep the Theban lyre,
And, as his maſter, pour forth thoughts of fire?

E'en now to guard afflicted learning's cauſe,
To judge by reaſon's rules, and nature's laws,
Boaſt we *true critics* in their proper right,
While LOWTH and Learning, HURD and Taſte unite.

Hail ſacred names!—Oh guard the Muſe's page,
Save your lov'd miſtreſs from a ruffian's rage;
See how ſhe gaſps and ſtruggles hard for life,
Her wounds all bleeding from the butcher's knife:
Critics, like ſurgeons, bleſt with curious art,
Should mark each paſſage to the human heart,

But

But not, unſkilful, yet with lordly air,
Read ſurgeon's lectures while they ſcalp and tear.

To names like theſe I pay the hearty vow,
Proud of their worth, and not aſham'd to bow.
To theſe inſcribe my rude, but honeſt lays,
And feel the pleaſures of my conſcious praiſe.
Not that I mean to court each letter'd name,
And poorly glimmer from reflected fame,
But that the Muſe, who owns no ſervile fear,
Is proud to pay her willing tribute here.

EPISTLE TO J. B. ESQ. 1757.

AGAIN I urge my old objection,
That modern rules obſtruct perfection,
And the ſeverity of Taſte
Has laid the walk of genius waſte.
Fancy's a flight we deal no more in,
Our authors creep inſtead of ſoaring,
And all the brave imagination
Is dwindled into declamation.

But ſtill you cry in ſober ſadneſs,
"There is diſcretion e'en in madneſs."
A pithy ſentence, which wants credit!
Becauſe I find a poet ſaid it:
Their verdict makes but ſmall impreſſion,
Who are known lyars by profeſſion.
Riſe what exalted flights it will,
True genius will be genius ſtill;
And ſay, that horſe wou'd you prefer,
Which wants a bridle or a ſpur?
The mettled ſteed may loſe his tricks;
The jade grows callous to your kicks.

Had

Had Shakeſpeare crept by modern rules,
We'd loſt his Witches, Fairies, Fools:
Inſtead of all that wild creation,
He'd form'd a regular plantation,
A garden trim, and all inclos'd,
In niceſt ſymmetry diſpos'd,
The hedges cut in proper order,
Nor e'en a branch beyond the border:
Now like a foreſt he appears,
The growth of twice three hundred years;
Where many a tree aſpiring ſhrouds
Its airy ſummit in the clouds,
While round its root ſtill love to twine
The ivy or wild eglantine.

" But Shakeſpeare's all creative fancy
" Made others love extravagancy;
" While cloud-capt nonſenſe was their aim,
" Like Hurlothrumbo's mad lord Flame."
True — who can ſtop dull imitators?
Thoſe younger brothers of tranſlators,
Thoſe inſects, which from genius riſe,
And buzz about, in ſwarms, like flies?
Faſhion, that ſets the modes of dreſs,
Sheds too her influence o'er the preſs:

As formerly the ſons of rhyme
Sought Shakeſpeare's fancy and ſublime ;
By cool correctneſs now they hope
To emulate the praiſe of Pope.
But Pope and Shakeſpeare both diſclaim
Theſe low retainers to their fame.

What taſk can dulneſs e'er affect
So eaſy, as to write *correct?*
Poets, 'tis ſaid, are ſure to ſplit
By too much or too little wit ;
So, to avoid th' extremes of either,
They miſs their mark and follow neither ;
They ſo exactly poiſe the ſcale
That neither meaſure will prevail,
And mediocrity the Muſe
Did never in her ſons excuſe.
'Tis true, their tawdry works are grac'd
With all the charms of modern taſte,
And every ſenſeleſs line is dreſt
In quaint expreſſion's tinſel veſt.
Say, did you never chance to meet
A monſieur-barber in the ſtreet,
Whoſe ruffle, as it lank depends,
And dangles o'er his fingers' ends,

His olive-tann'd complexion graces
With little dabs of Dreſden laces,
While for the body Monſieur Puff,
Wou'd think e'en dowlas fine enough ?
So fares it with our men of rhymes,
Sweet tinklers of poetic chimes.
For lace, and fringe, and tawdry cloaths,
Sure never yet were greater beaux;
But fairly ſtrip them to the ſhirt,
They're all made up of rags and dirt.

And ſhall theſe wretches bards commence,
Without or ſpirit, taſte, or ſenſe ?
And when they bring no other treaſure,
Shall I admire them for their meaſure ?
Or do I ſcorn the critic's rules
Becauſe I will not learn of fools ?
Although Longinus' full-mouth'd proſe
With all the force of genius glows;
Though Dionyſius' learned taſte
Is ever manly, juſt, and chaſte,
Who, like a ſkilful wiſe phyſician,
Diſſects each part of compoſition,
And ſhews how beauty ſtrikes the ſoul
From a juſt compact of the whole;

Though judgment, in Quintillian's page,
Holds forth her lamp for ev'ry age;
Yet *Hypercritics* I diſdain,
A race of blockheads dull and vain,
And laugh at all thoſe empty fools,
Who cramp a genius with dull rules,
And what their narrow ſcience mocks
Damn with the name of Het'rodox.

Theſe butchers of a poet's fame,
While they uſurp the critic's name,
Cry — " This is taſte — that's my opinion."
And poets dread their mock dominion.

So have you ſeen with dire affright,
The petty monarch of the night,
Seated aloft in elbow chair,
Command the priſoners to appear,
Harangue an hour on watchmen's praiſe,
And on the dire effect of frays;
Then cry, " You'll ſuffer for your daring,
" And d—n you, you ſhall pay for ſwearing."
Then turning, tell th' aſtoniſh'd ring,
I ſit to repreſent the KING.

EPIS-

EPISTLE TO THE SAME, 1757.

HAS my good dame a wicked child?
It takes the gentler name of wild.
If cheſts he breaks, if locks he picks,
'Tis nothing more than youthful tricks.
The mother's fondneſs ſtamps it merit,
For vices are a ſign of ſpirit.

Say, do the neighbours think the ſame
With the good old indulgent dame?
Cries goſſip Prate, "I hear with grief
"My neighbour's ſon's an arrant thief.
"Nay, cou'd you think it, I am told,
"He ſtole five guineas, all in gold.
"You know the youth was always wild—
"He got his father's maid with child;
"And robb'd his maſter, to defray
"The money he had loſt at play.
"All means to ſave him now muſt fail.
"What can it end in?—In a jail."

Howe'er the dame doats o'er her youth,
My goſſip ſays the very truth.

But as his vices love wou'd hide,
Or torture them to virtue's ſide,
So friendſhip's glaſs deceives the eye,
(A glaſs too apt to magnify)
And makes you *think* at leaſt you ſee
Some ſpark of genius, ev'n in me:
You ſay I ſhou'd get fame. I doubt it:
Perhaps I am as well without it.
For what's the worth of empty praiſe?
What poet ever din'd on bays?
For though the Laurel, rareſt wonder!
May ſcreen us from the ſtroke of thunder,
This mind I ever was, and am in,
It is no antidote to famine.
And poets live on ſlender fare,
Who, like Cameleons, feed on air,
And ſtarve, to gain an empty breath,
Which only ſerves them after death.

Grant I ſucceed, like Horace riſe,
And ſtrike my head againſt the ſkies;
Common experience daily ſhews,
That poets have a world of foes;
And we ſhall find in every town
Goſſips enough to cry them down;

Who meet in pious converſation
T' anatomize a reputation,
With flippant tongue, and empty head,
Who talk of things they never read.

Their idle cenſures I deſpiſe:
Their niggard praiſes won't ſuffice.
Tempt me no more then to the crime
Of dabbling in the font of rhime.
My Muſe has anſwer'd all her end,
If her productions pleaſe a friend.
The world is burthen'd with a ſtore,
Why need I add one ſcribbler more?

TO

TO * * * *

ABOUT TO PUBLISH A VOLUME OF MISCELLANIES.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1755.

SINCE now, all ſcruples caſt away,
Your works are riſing into day,
Forgive, though I preſume to ſend
This honeſt counſel of a friend.

Let not your verſe, as verſe now goes,
Be a ſtrange kind of meaſur'd proſe;
Nor let your proſe, which ſure is worſe,
Want nought but meaſure to be verſe.
Write from your own imagination,
Nor curb your Muſe by Imitation:
For copies ſhew, howe'er expreſt,
A barren genius at the beſt.
—But Imitation's all the mode—
Yet where one hits, ten miſs the road.

The mimic bard with pleaſure ſees
Mat. Prior's unaffected eaſe:

Aſſumes

Aſſumes his ſtyle, affects a ſtory,
Sets every circumſtance before ye,
The day, the hour, the name, the dwelling,
And mars a curious tale in telling:
Obſerves how *eaſy* Prior flows,
Then runs his numbers down to proſe.

Others have ſought the filthy ſtews
To find a dirty ſlip-ſhod Muſe.
Their groping genius, while it rakes
The bogs, the common-ſew'rs, and jakes,
Ordure and filth in rhyme expoſes,
Diſguſtful to our eyes and noſes;
With many a daſh—that muſt offend us,
And much * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * *Hiatus* non *deflendus.*
O Swift! how wouldſt thou bluſh to ſee,
Such are the bards who copy Thee?

This Milton for his plan will chuſe:
Wherein reſembling Milton's Muſe?
Milton, like thunder, rolls along
In all the majeſty of ſong;
While his low mimics meanly creep,
Not quite awake, nor quite aſleep:

Or,

Or, if their thunder chance to roll,
'Tis thunder of the muſtard bowl.
The ſtiff expreſſion, phraſes ſtrange,
The epithet's prepoſterous change,
Forc'd numbers, rough and unpolite,
Such as the judging ear affright,
Stop in mid verſe. Ye mimics vile!
Is't thus ye copy Milton's ſtyle?
His faults religiouſly you trace,
But borrow not a ſingle grace.

How few, (ſay, whence can it proceed?)
Who copy Milton, e'er ſucceed!
But all their labours are in vain:
And wherefore ſo?—The reaſon's plain.
Take it for granted, 'tis by thoſe
Milton's the model moſtly choſe,
Who can't write verſe, and won't write proſe.

Others, who aim at fancy, chuſe
To woo the gentle Spenſer's Muſe.
This poet fixes for his theme
An allegory, or a dream;
Fiction and truth together joins
Through a long waſte of flimſy lines;

Fondly

Fondly believes his fancy glows,
And image upon image grows;
Thinks his ſtrong Muſe takes wond'rous flights,
Whene'er ſhe ſings of peerleſs wights,
Of dens, of palfreys, ſpells and knights:
'Till allegory, Spenſer's veil
T' inſtruct and pleaſe in moral tale,
With him's no veil the truth to ſhroud,
But one impenetrable cloud.

Others, more daring, fix their hope
On rivaling the fame of Pope.
Satyr's the word againſt the times—
Theſe catch the cadence of his rhymes,
And borne from earth by Pope's ſtrong wings,
Their Muſe aſpires, and boldly flings
Her dirt up in the face of kings.
In theſe the ſpleen of Pope we find;
But where the greatneſs of his mind?
His numbers are their whole pretence,
Mere ſtrangers to his manly ſenſe.

Some few, the fav'rites of the Muſe,
Whom with her kindeſt eye ſhe views;
Round whom Apollo's brighteſt rays
Shine forth with undiminiſh'd blaze;

Some

Some few, my friend, have ſweetly trod
In Imitation's dang'rous road.
Long as Tobacco's mild perfume
Shall ſcent each happy curate's room,
Oft as in elbow-chair he ſmokes,
And quaffs his ale, and cracks his jokes,
So long, O *Brown, ſhall laſt thy praiſe,
Crown'd with Tobacco-leaf for bays;
And whoſoe'er thy verſe ſhall ſee,
Shall fill another Pipe to thee.

* Iſaac Hawkins Brown, Eſq. author of a piece call'd the Pipe of Tobacco, a moſt excellent imitation of ſix different authors.

TO

TO GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

WRITTEN JANUARY, 1, 1761.

FROM TISSINGTON IN DERBYSHIRE.

FRIENDSHIP with moſt is dead and cool,
A dull, inactive, ſtagnant pool;
Yours like the lively current flows,
And ſhares the pleaſure it beſtows.
If there is ought, whoſe lenient pow'r
Can ſooth affliction's painful hour,
Sweeten the bitter cup of care,
And ſnatch the wretched from deſpair,
Superior to the ſenſe of woes,
From friendſhip's ſource the balſam flows.
Rich then am I, poſſeſt of thine,
Who know that happy balſam mine.

In youth, from nature's genuine heat,
The ſouls congenial ſpring to meet,

And

And emulation's infant ſtrife,
Cements the man in future life.
Oft too the mind well-pleas'd ſurveys
Its progreſs from its childiſh days;
Sees how the current upwards ran,
And reads the child o'er in the man.
For men, in reaſon's ſober eyes,
Are children, but of larger ſize,
Have ſtill their idle hopes and fears,
And Hobby-Horſe of riper years.

Whether a bleſſing, or a curſe,
My rattle is the love of verſe.
Some fancied parts, and emulation,
Which ſtill aſpires to reputation,
Bad infant fancy plume her flight,
And held the laurel full to ſight.
For vanity, the poet's ſin,
Had ta'en poſſeſſion all within:
And he whoſe brain is verſe-poſſeſt,
Is in himſelf as highly bleſt,
As he, whoſe lines and circles vie
With heav'n's direction of the ſky.

Howe'er the river rolls its tides,
The cork upon the ſurface rides.

And on Ink's Ocean, lightly buoy'd,
That cork of vanity is Lloyd.
Let *me* too uſe the common claim
And ſouſe at once upon my name,
Which ſome have done with greater ſtreſs,
Who know me, and who love me leſs.

Poets are very harmleſs things,
Unleſs you teaze one till he ſtings;
And when affronts are plainly meant,
We're bound in honour to reſent:
And what tribunal will deny
An injur'd perſon to reply?

In theſe familiar emanations,
Which are but writing converſations,
Where thought appears in diſhabille,
And fancy does juſt what ſhe will,
The ſoureſt critic wou'd excuſe
The vagrant ſallies of the Muſe:
Which lady, for Apollo's bleſſing,
Has ſtill attended our careſſing,
As many children round her ſees
As maggots in a Cheſhire cheeſe,
Which I maintain at vaſt expence,
Of pen and paper, time and ſenſe:

And ſurely 'twas no ſmall miſcarriage
When firſt I enter'd into marriage.
The poet's title which I bear,
With ſome ſtrange caſtles in the air,
Was all my portion with the fair.

However narrowly I look,
In Phœbus's *valorem* book,
I cannot from enquiry find
Poets had much to leave behind.
They had a copyhold eſtate
In lands which they themſelves create,
A fooliſh title to a *fountain*,
A right of common in a *mountain*,
And yet they liv'd amongſt the great,
More than their brethren do of late;
Invited out at feaſts to dine,
Eat as they pleas'd, and drank their wine;
Nor is it any where ſet down
They tipt the ſervants half a crown,
But paſs'd amid the waiting throng
And pay'd the porter with a ſong;
As once, a wag, in modern days,
When all are in theſe bribing ways,
His ſhillings to diſpenſe unable,
Scrap'd half the fruit from off the table,

And walking gravely thro' the croud,
Which ſtood obſequiouſly, and bow'd,
To keep the faſhion up of tipping,
Dropt in each hand a golden pippin.

But there's a difference indeed
'Twixt ancient bards and modern breed.
Tho' poet known, in Roman days,
Fearleſs he walk'd the public ways,
Nor ever knew that ſacred name
Contemptuous ſmile, or painful ſhame:
While with a fooliſh face of praiſe,
The folks wou'd ſtop to gape and gaze,
And half untold the ſtory leave,
Pulling their neighbour by the ſleeve,
While th' index of the finger ſhews,
— There — yonder's Horace — there he goes.

This finger, I allow it true,
Points at us modern poets too;
But 'tis by way of wit and joke,
To laugh, or as the phraſe is, *ſmoke*.

Yet there are thoſe, who're fond of wit,
Altho' they never us'd it yet,

Who wits and witlings entertain;
Of Taſte, Virtu, and Judgment vain,
And dinner, grace, and grace-cup done,
Expect a wond'rous deal of fun:
" Yes — He at bottom — don't you know him:
" That's He that wrote the laſt new poem.
" His Humour's exquiſitely high,
" You'll hear him open by and by."

The man in print and converſation
Have often very ſmall relation;
And he, whoſe humour hits the town,
When copied fairly, and ſet down,
In public company may paſs,
For little better than an aſs.
Perhaps the fault is on his ſide,
Springs it from modeſty, or pride,
Thoſe qualities aſham'd to own,
For which he's happy to be known;
Or that his nature's ſtrange and ſhy,
And diffident, he knows not why;
Or from a prudent kind of fear,
As knowing that the world's ſevere,
He wou'd not ſuffer to eſcape
Familiar wit in eaſy ſhape:

Leſt

Left gaping fools, and vile repeaters,
Should catch her up, and ſpoil her features,
And, for the child's unlucky maim,
The faultleſs parent come to ſhame.

Well, but methinks I hear you ſay,
" Write then, my friend !"—Write what ?—" a Play.
" The theatres are open yet,
" The market for all ſterling wit ;
" Try the ſtrong efforts of your pen,
" And draw the characters of men ;
" Or bid the burſting tear to flow,
" Obedient to the fabled woe :
" With Tragedy's ſevereſt art,
" Anatomize the human heart,
" And, that you may be underſtood,
" Bid nature ſpeak, as nature ſhou'd."

That talent, George, tho' yet untried,
Perhaps my genius has denied ;
While you, my friend, are ſure to pleaſe
With all the pow'rs of comic eaſe.

Authors, like maïds at fifteen years,
Are full of wiſhes, full of fears.

One might by pleaſant thoughts be led,
To loſe a trifling maiden-head;
But 'tis a terrible vexation
To give up with it reputation.
And he, who has with Plays to do,
Has got the devil to go through.
Critics have reaſon for their rules,
I dread the cenſure of your fools.
For tell me, and conſult your pride,
(Set Garrick for a while aſide)
How cou'd you, George, with patience bear,
The critic proſing in the play'r?

Some of that calling have I known,
Who hold no judgment like their own;
And yet their reaſons fairly ſcan,
And ſeparate the wheat and bran;
You'd be amaz'd indeed to find,
What little wheat is left behind.
For, after all their mighty rout,
Of chatt'ring round and round about;
'Tis but a kind of clock-work talking,
Like croſſing on the ſtage, and walking.

The form of this tribunal paſt,
The play receiv'd, the parts all caſt,

Each

Each actor has his own objections,
Each character, new imperfections:
The man's is drawn too courſe and rough,
The lady's has not ſmut enough.
It want's a touch of Cibber's eaſe,
A higher kind of talk to pleaſe;
Such as your titled folks would chuſe,
And Lords and Ladyſhips might uſe,
Which ſtile, whoever would ſucceed in,
Muſt have ſmall wit, and much good breeding.
If this is dialogue — *ma foi*,
Sweet Sir, ſay I, *pardonnez moi!*

As long as life and buſineſs laſt,
The actors have their ſeveral caſt,
A walk where each his talents ſhews,
Queens, Nurſes, Tyrants, Lovers, Beaux;
Suppoſe you've found a girl of merit,
Who'd ſhew your part in all its ſpirit,
Take the whole meaning in the ſcope,
Some little lively thing, like Pope,
You rob ſome others of a feather,
They've worn for thirty years together.

But grant the caſt is as you like,
To actors which you think will ſtrike.

To-morrow then—(but as you know
I've ne'er a Comedy to ſhew,
Let me a while in converſation,
Make free with yours for application)
The arrow's flight can't be prevented—
To-morrow then, will be preſented
The JEALOUS WIFE! To-morrow? Right.
How do you ſleep, my friend, to-night?
Have you no pit-pat hopes and fears,
Roaſt-beef, and catcalls in your ears?
Mabb's wheels a-croſs your temples creep,
You toſs and tumble in your ſleep,
And cry aloud, with rage and ſpleen,
"That fellow murders all my ſcene."

To-morrow comes. I know your merit,
And ſee the piece's fire and ſpirit;
Yet friendſhip's zeal is ever hearty,
And dreads the efforts of a party.

The coach below, the clock gone five,
Now to the theatre we drive:
Peeping the curtain's eyelet through,
Behold the houſe in dreadful view!
Obſerve how cloſe the critics ſit,
And not one bonnet in the pit.

With

With horror hear the galleries ring,
Noſy! Black Joke! God ſave the King!
Sticks clatter, catcalls ſcream, *Encore!*
Cocks crow, pit hiſſes, galleries roar:
E'en *cha' ſome oranges* is found
This night to have a dreadful ſound:
'Till, decent ſables on his back,
(Your prologuizers all wear black)
The prologue comes; and, if its mine,
Its very good, and very fine.
If not, I take a pinch of ſnuff,
And wonder where you got ſuch ſtuff.

That done, a-gape the critics ſit,
Expectant of the comic wit.
The fiddlers play again pell-mell,
—But hiſt!—the prompter rings his bell.
—Down there! hats off!—the curtain draws!
What follows is—the juſt applauſe.

TWO ODES*.

ΦΩΝΑΝΤΑ ΣΥΝΕΤΟΙΣΙΝ· ΕΣ
ΔΕ ΤΟ ΠΑΝ, ΕΡΜΗΝΕΩΝ
ΧΑΤΙΖΕΙ. PINDAR, Olymp. II.

ODE I.

I. 1.

DAUGHTER of Chaos and old Night,
Cimmerian Muſe, all hail!
That wrapt in never-twinkling gloom canſt write,
And ſhadoweſt meaning with thy duſky veil!
What Poet ſings, and ſtrikes the ſtrings?
It was the mighty Theban ſpoke.
He from the ever-living Lyre
With magic hand elicits fire.
Heard ye the din of Modern Rhimers bray?
It was cool M——n: or warm G—y,
Involv'd in tenfold ſmoke.

* I take the liberty of inſerting the two following Odes, though I cannot, with ſtrict propriety, print them as my own compoſition. The truth is, they were written in concert with a friend, to whoſe labours I am always happy to add my own: I mean the Author of the Jealous Wife.

I. 2.

The ſhallow Fop in antic veſt,
Tir'd of the beaten road,
Proud to be ſingularly dreſt,
Changes, with every changing moon, the mode.
Say, ſhall not then the heav'n-born Muſes too
Variety purſue?
Shall not applauding critics hail the vogue?
Whether the Muſe the ſtile of Cambria's ſons,
Or the rude gabble of the Huns,
Or the broader dialect
Of Caledonia ſhe affect,
Or take, Hibernia, thy ſtill ranker brogue?

I. 3.

On this terreſtial ball
The tyrant, Faſhion, governs all.
She, fickle Goddeſs, whom, in days of yore,
The Ideot Moria, on the banks of Seine,
Unto an antic fool, hight Andrew, bore.
Long ſhe paid him with diſdain,
And long his pangs in ſilence he conceal'd:
At length, in happy hour, his love-ſick pain
On thy bleſt Calends, April, he reveal'd.

From

From their embraces ſprung,
Ever changing, ever ranging,
Faſhion, Goddeſs ever young.

II. 1.

Perch'd on the dubious height, She loves to ride,
Upon a weather-cock, aſtride.
Each blaſt that blows, around ſhe goes,
While nodding o'er her creſt,
Emblem of her magic pow'r,
The light Cameleon ſtands confeſt,
Changing it's hues a thouſand times an hour.
And in a veſt is ſhe array'd,
Of many a dancing moon-beam made,
Nor zoneleſs is her waiſt:
But fair and beautiful, I ween,
As the ceſtos-cinctur'd Queen,
Is with the Rainbow's ſhadowy girdle brac'd.

II. 2.

She bids purſue the fav'rite road
Of lofty cloud-capt Ode.
Meantime each Bard, with eager ſpeed,
Vaults on the Pegaſean Steed:

Yet

Yet not that Pegaſus, of yore
Which th' illuſtrious Pindar bore,
But one of nobler breed.
High blood and youth his luſty veins inſpire.
From Tottipontimoy He came,
Who knows not, Tottipontimoy, thy name?
The bloody-ſhoulder'd Arab was his Sire.
*His White-noſe. He on fam'd Doncaſtria's plains
Reſign'd his fated breath:
In vain for life the ſtruggling courſer ſtrains.
Ah! who can run the race with death?
The tyrant's ſpeed, or man or ſteed,
Strives all in vain to fly.
He leads the chace, he wins the race,
We ſtumble, fall, and die.

II. 3.

Third from Whitenoſe ſprings
Pegaſus with eagle wings:
Light o'er the plain, as dancing cork,
With many a bound he beats the ground,

* The Author is either miſtaken in this place, or has elſe indulged himſelf in a very unwarrantable poetical licence. Whitenoſe was not the Sire, but a Son of the Godolphin Arabian. See my Calendar. HEBER.

While

While all the Turf with acclamation rings.
He won Northampton, Lincoln, Oxford, York:
He too Newmarket won.
There Granta's Son
Seiz'd on the Steed;
And thence him led, (ſo fate decreed)
To where old Cam, renown'd in poet's ſong,
With his dark and inky waves,
Either bank in ſilence laves,
Winding ſlow his ſluggiſh ſtreams along.

III. 1.

What ſtripling neat, of viſage ſweet,
In trimmeſt guiſe array'd,
Firſt the neighing Steed aſſay'd?
His hand a taper ſwitch adorns, his heel
Sparkles refulgent with elaſtick ſteel:
The whiles he wins his whiffling way,
Prancing, ambling, round and round,
By hill, and dale, and mead, and greenſward gay:
Till fated with the pleaſing ride,
From the lofty Steed diſmounting,
He lies along, enwrapt in conſcious pride,
By gurgling rill, or cryſtal fountain.

III. 2.

Lo! next, a Bard, ſecure of praiſe,
His ſelf-complacent countenance diſplays.
His broad Muſtachios, ting'd with golden die,
Flame, like a meteor, to the troubled air:
Proud his demeanor, and his eagle eye,
O'er-hung with laviſh lid, yet ſhone with glorious glare.
The grizzle grace
Of buſhy peruke ſhadow'd o'er his face.
In large wide boots, whoſe ponderous weight
Would ſink each wight of modern date,
He rides, well pleas'd. So large a pair
Not Garagantua's ſelf might wear:
Not He, of nature fierce and cruel,
Who, if we truſt to antient Ballad,
Devour'd Three Pilgrims in a Sallad;
Nor He of fame germane, hight Pantagruel.

III. 3.

Accoutred thus, th' adventrous Youth
Seeks not the level lawn, or velvet mead,
Faſt by whoſe ſide clear ſtreams meandring creep;
But urges on amain the fiery Steed

Up

Up Snowdon's ſhaggy ſide, or Cambrian rock uncouth:
Where the venerable herd
Of Goats, with long and ſapient beard,
And wanton Kidlings their blithe revels keep.
Now up the mountain ſee him ſtrain!
Now down the vale he's toſt,
Now flaſhes on the ſight again,
Now in the Palpable Obſcure quite loſt.

IV. 1.

Man's feeble race eternal dangers wait,
With high or low, all, all, is woe,
Diſeaſe, miſchance, pale fear, and dubious fate.
But, o'er every peril bounding,
Ambition views not all the hills ſurrounding,
And, tiptoe on the mountain's ſteep,
Reflects not on the yawning deep.

IV. 2.

See, ſee, he ſoars! With mighty wings outſpread,
And long reſounding mane,
The Courſer quits the plain.
Aloft in air, ſee, ſee him bear

The

The Bard, who ſhrouds
His Lyrick Glory in the clouds,
Too fond to ſtrike the ſtars with lofty head!
He topples headlong from the giddy height,
Deep in the Cambrian Gulph immerg'd in endleſs night.

IV. 3.

O Steed Divine! what daring ſpirit
Rides thee now? tho' he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ſelf-opinion,
Which elate the mighty Pair,
Each of Taſte the fav'rite minion,
Prancing thro' the deſert air;
By help mechanick of Equeſtrian Block,
Yet ſhall he mount, with claſſick houſings grac'd,
And, all unheedful of the Critick Mock,
Drive his light Courſer o'er the bounds of Taſte.

ODE TO OBLIVION.

I.

*PARENT OF EASE! OBLIVION old,
Who lov'ſt thy dwelling-place to hold,
Where ſcepter'd Pluto keeps his dreary ſway,
Whoſe ſullen pride the ſhiv'ring ghoſts obey!
Thou, who delighteſt ſtill to dwell
By ſome hoar and moſs-grown cell,
At whoſe dank foot Cocytus joys to roll,
Or Styx' black ſtreams, which even Jove controul!
Or if it ſuit thy better will
To chuſe the tinkling weeping rill,
Hard by whoſe ſide the ſeeded poppy red
Heaves high in air his ſweetly curling head,
While, creeping in meanders ſlow,
Lethe's drowſy waters flow,
And hollow blaſts, which never ceaſe to ſigh,
Hum to each care-ſtruck mind their lulla-lulla-by!

* According to Lillæus, who beſtows the Parental Function on Oblivion.

Verba OBLIVISCENDI *regunt* GENITIVUM.

Lib. xiii. Cap. 8.

There is a ſimilar paſſage in Buſbæus.

A prey

A prey no longer let me be
To that goſſip MEMORY,
Who waves her banners trim, and proudly flies
To ſpread abroad her bribble-brabble lies.
With Thee, OBLIVION, let me go,
For MEMORY's a friend to woe;
With thee, FORGETFULNESS, fair ſilent Queen,
The ſolemn ſtole of grief is never ſeen.

II.

All, all is thine. Thy pow'rful ſway
The throng'd poetic hoſts obey.
Tho' in the van of MEM'RY proud t'appear,
At thy command they darken in the rear.
What tho' the modern Tragic ſtrain
For nine whole days protract thy reign,
Yet thro' the Nine, like whelps of curriſh kind,
Scarcely it lives, weak, impotent, and blind.
Sacred to thee the Crambo Rhime,
The motley forms of Pantomime:
For Thee from Eunuch's throat ſtill loves to flow
The ſoothing ſadneſs of his warbled woe:
Each day to Thee falls Pamphlet clean:
Each month a new-born Magazine:

Hear then, O GODDESS, hear thy vot'ry's pray'r!
And, if Thou deign'ſt to take one moment's care,
Attend Thy Bard! who duly pays
The tribute of his votive lays;
Whoſe Muſe ſtill offers at thy ſacred ſhrine;—
Thy Bard, who calls THEE *His*, and makes him THINE.
O, ſweet FORGETFULNESS, ſupreme
Rule ſupine o'er ev'ry theme,
O'er each ſad ſubject, o'er each ſoothing ſtrain,
Of mine, O GODDESS, ſtretch thine awful reign!
Nor let MEM'RY ſteal one note,
Which this rude hand to Thee hath wrote!
So ſhalt thou ſave me from the Poet's ſhame,
Tho' on the letter'd Rubric DODSLEY poſt my Name.

III.

O come! with opiate poppies crown'd,
Shedding ſlumbers ſoft around!
O come! FAT GODDESS, drunk with Laureat's Sack!—
See, where ſhe ſits on the benumb'd Torpedo's back!
Me, in thy dull Elyſium lapt, O bleſs
With thy calm Forgetfulneſs!

And

And gently lull my ſenſes all the while
With placid poems in the ſinking ſtile!
Whether the Herring-Poet ſing,
Great Laureat of the Fiſhes' King,
Or Lycophron prophetic rave his fill,
Wrapt in the darker ſtrains of Johnny —;
Or, if He ſing, whoſe verſe affords
A *bevy* of the *choiceſt* words,
Who meets his Lady Muſe by moſs-grown cell,
Adorn'd with epithet and tinkling bell:
Theſe, Goddess, let me ſtill forget,
With all the dearth of Modern Wit!
So may'ſt Thou gently o'er my youthful breaſt,
Spread, with thy welcome hand, Oblivion's
friendly veſt.

THE PROGRESS OF ENVY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1751.

I.

AH me! unhappy ſtate of mortal wight,
Sith ENVY's ſure attendant upon fame,
Ne doth ſhe reſt from rancorous deſpight,
Until ſhe works him mickle woe and ſhame;
Unhappy he whom ENVY thus doth ſpoil,
Ne doth ſhe check her ever reſtleſs hate,
Until ſhe doth his reputation foil:
Ah! luckleſs imp is he, whoſe worth elate,
Forces him pay this heavy tax for being great.

II.

There ſtood an ancient mount, yclept Parnaſs,
(The fair domain of ſacred poeſy)
Which, with freſh odours ever-blooming, was
Beſprinkled with the dew of Caſtaly;
Which now in ſoothing murmurs whiſp'ring glides
Wat'ring with genial waves the fragrant ſoil,
Now rolls adown the mountain's ſteepy ſides,
Teaching the vales full beauteouſly to ſmile,
Dame NATURE's handy-work, not form'd b
lab'ring toil.

III.

The MUSES fair, theſe peaceful ſhades among,
With ſkilful fingers ſweep the trembling ſtrings;
The air in ſilence liſtens to the ſong,
And TIME forgets to ply his lazy wings;
Pale-viſag'd CARE, with foul unhallow'd feet,
Attempts the ſummit of the hill to gain,
Ne can the hag arrive the bliſsful ſeat;
Her unavailing ſtrength is ſpent in vain,
CONTENT ſits on the top, and mocks her empty pain.

IV.

Oft PHOEBUS ſelf left his divine abode,
And here enſhrouded in a ſhady bow'r,
Regardleſs of his ſtate, lay'd by the God,
And own'd ſweet Muſic's more alluring pow'r.
On either ſide was plac'd a peerleſs wight,
Whoſe merit long had fill'd the trump of FAME;
This, FANCY's darling child, was SPENSER hight,
Who pip'd full pleaſing on the banks of Tame;
That no leſs fam'd than He, and MILTON was his name.

V.

In theſe cool bow'rs they live ſupinely calm ;
Now harmleſs talk, now emulouſly ſing ;
While VIRTUE, pouring round her ſacred balm,
Makes happineſs eternal as the ſpring.
Alternately they ſung ; now SPENSER 'gan,
Of jouſts and tournaments, and champions ſtrong;
Now MILTON ſung of diſobedient man,
And Eden loſt: The bards around them throng,
Drawn by the wond'rous magic of their princes' ſong.

VI.

Not far from theſe, Dan CHAUCER, antient wight,
A lofty ſeat on Mount Parnaſſus held,
Who long had been the Muſes' chief delight;
His reverend locks were ſilver'd o'er with eld ;
Grave was his viſage, and his habit plain ;
And while he ſung, fair nature he diſplay'd,
In verſe albeit uncouth, and ſimple ſtrain ;
Ne mote he well be ſeen, ſo thick the ſhade,
Which elms and aged oaks had all around him made.

VII.

Next SHAKESPEARE ſat, irregularly great,
And in his hand a magic rod did hold,
Which viſionary beings did create,
And turn the fouleſt droſs to pureſt gold:
Whatever ſpirits rove in earth or air,
Or bad or good, obey his dread command;
To his beheſts theſe willingly repair,
Thoſe aw'd by terrors of his magic wand,
The which not all their pow'rs united might withſtand.

VIII.

Beſide the bard there ſtood a beauteous maid,
Whoſe glittering appearance dimm'd the eyen;
Her thin-wrought veſture various tints diſplay'd,
FANCY her name, yſprong of race divine;
Her mantle* wimpled low, her ſilken hair,
Which looſe adown her well-turn'd ſhoulders ſtray'd,
'She made a net to catch the wanton air,'
Whoſe love-ſick breezes all around her play'd
And ſeem'd in whiſpers ſoft to court the heav'nly maid.

* *Wimpled.* A word uſed by Spenſer for *hung down.* The line incloſed within Commas is one of Fairfax's in his tranſlation of Taſſo.

IX.

And ever and anon ſhe wav'd in air
A ſceptre, fraught with all-creative pow'r :
She wav'd it round : Eftſoons there did appear
Spirits and witches, forms unknown before :
Again ſhe lifts her wonder-working wand ;
Eftſoons upon the flow'ry plain were ſeen
The gay inhabitants of fairie land,
And blithe attendants upon MAB their queen
In myſtic circles danc'd along th' inchanted green.

X.

On th' other ſide ſtood NATURE, goddeſs fair ;
A matron ſeem'd ſhe, and of manners ſtaid ;
Beauteous her form, majeſtic was her air,
In looſe attire of pureſt white array'd :
A potent rod ſhe bore, whoſe pow'r was ſuch,
(As from her darling's works may well be ſhown)
That often with its ſoul-enchanting touch,
She rais'd or joy, or caus'd the deep-felt groan,
And each man's paſſions made ſubſervient to her own.

XI. But

XI.

But lo! thick fogs from out the earth ariſe,
And murky miſts the buxom air invade,
Which with contagion dire infect the ſkies,
And all around their baleful influence ſhed;
Th' infected ſky, which whilom was ſo fair,
With thick Cimmerian darkneſs is o'erſpread;
The ſun, which whilom ſhone without compare,
Muffles in pitchy veil his radiant head,
And fore the time ſore-grieving ſeeks his wat'ry bed.

XII.

Envy, the daughter of fell Acheron,
(The flood of deadly hate and gloomy night)
Had left precipitate her Stygian throne,
And thro' the frighted heavens wing'd her flight:
With careful eye each realm ſhe did explore,
Ne mote ſhe ought of happineſs obſerve;
For happineſs, alas! was now no more,
Sith ev'ry one from virtue's paths did ſwerve,
And trample on religion baſe deſigns to ſerve.

XIII.

At length, on bleſt Parnaſſus ſeated high,
Their temple circled with a laurel crown,
SPENSER and MILTON met her ſcowling eye,
And turn'd her horrid grin into a frown.
Full faſt unto her ſiſter did ſhe poſt,
There to unload the venom of her breaſt,
To tell how all her happineſs was croſt,
Sith others were of happineſs poſſeſt:
Did never gloomy hell ſend forth like ugly peſt.

XIV.

Within the covert of a gloomy wood,
Where fun'ral cypreſs ſtar-proof branches ſpread
O'ergrown with tangling briers a cavern ſtood;
Fit place for melancholy * dreary-head.
Here a deformed monſter joy'd to won,
Which on fell rancour ever was ybent,
All from the riſing to the ſetting ſun,
Her heart purſued ſpite with black intent,
Ne could her iron mind at human woes relent.

* *Dreary-head.* Gloomineſs.

XV. It

XV.

In flowing ſable ſtole ſhe was yclad,
Which with her countenance did well accord;
Forth from her mouth, like one thro' grief gone mad,
A frothy ſea of nauſeous foam was pour'd;
A ghaſtly grin and eyes aſquint, diſplay
The rancour which her helliſh thoughts contain,
And how, when man is bleſt, ſhe pines away,
Burning to turn his happineſs to pain;
MALICE the monſter's name, a foe to God and man.

XVI.

Along the floor black loathſome toads ſtill crawl,
Their gullets ſwell'd with poiſon's mortal bane,
Which ever and anon they ſpit at all
Whom hapleſs fortune leads too near her den;
Around her waiſt, in place of ſilken zone,
A life-devouring viper rear'd his head,
Who no diſtinction made 'twixt friend and foen,
But death on ev'ry ſide fierce brandiſhed,
Fly, reckleſs mortals, fly, in vain is * hardy-head.

* *Hardy-head.* Courage.

XVII. Im-

XVII.

Impatient ENVY, thro' th' ætherial waſte,
With inward venom fraught, and deadly ſpite,
Unto this cavern ſteer'd her panting haſte,
Enſhrouded in a darkſome veil of night.
Her inmoſt heart burnt with impetuous ire,
And fell deſtruction ſparkled in her look,
Her ferret eyes flaſh'd with revengeful fire,
A while contending paſſions utt'rance choke,
At length the fiend in furious tone her ſilence broke.

XVIII.

Siſter, ariſe! ſee how our pow'r decays,
No more our empire Thou and I can boaſt,
Sith mortal man now gains immortal praiſe,
Sith man is bleſt, and Thou and I are loſt:
See in what ſtate Parnaſſus' Hill appears;
See PHOEBUS' ſelf two happy bards atween;
See how the God their ſong attentive hears;
This SPENSER hight, that MILTON, well I ween!
Who can behold unmov'd ſike heart-tormenting ſcene?

XIX. Siſter,

XIX.

Siſter, ariſe! ne let our courage droop,
Perforce we will compel theſe mortals own,
That mortal force unto our force ſhall ſtoop;
ENVY and MALICE then ſhall reign alone:
Thou beſt has known to file thy tongue with lies,
And to deceive mankind with ſpecious bait:
Like TRUTH accoutred, ſpreadeſt forgeries,
The fountain of contention and of hate:
Ariſe, unite with me, and be as whilom great!

XX.

The Fiend obey'd, and with impatient voice—
" Tremble, ye bards, within that bliſsful ſeat;
" MALICE and ENVY ſhall o'erthrow your joys,
" Nor PHOEBUS ſelf ſhall our deſigns defeat.
" Shall We, who under friendſhip's feigned veil,
" Prompted the bold archangel to rebel;
" Shall We, who under ſhow of ſacred zeal,
" Plung'd half the pow'rs of heav'n in loweſt hell--
" Such vile diſgrace of us no mortal man ſhall tell.

XXI. And

XXI.

And now, more hideous render'd to the ſight,
By reaſon of her raging cruelty,
She burnt to go, equipt in dreadful plight,
And find fit engine for her forgery.
Her eyes inflam'd did caſt their rays aſkance,
While helliſh imps prepare the monſter's car,
In which ſhe might cut thro' the wide expanſe,
And find out nations that extended far,
When all was pitchy dark, ne twinkled one bright ſtar.

XXII.

Black was her chariot, drawn by dragons dire,
And each fell ſerpent had a double tongue,
Which ever and anon ſpit flaming fire,
The regions of the tainted air among;
A lofty ſeat the ſiſter-monſters bore,
In deadly machinations cloſe combin'd,
Dull Folly drove with terrible uproar,
And cruel Discord follow'd faſt behind;
God help the man 'gainſt whom ſuch caitiff foes are join'd.

XXIII. Aloft

XXIII.

Aloft in air the rattling chariot flies,
While thunder harſhly grates upon its wheels;
Black pointed ſpires of ſmoke around them riſe,
The air depreſs'd unuſual burthen feels;
Deteſted ſight! in terrible array,
They ſpur their fiery dragons on amain,
Ne mote their anger ſuffer cold delay,
Until the wiſh'd-for region they obtain,
And land their dingy car on Caledonian plain.

XXIV.

Here, eldeſt ſon of MALICE, long had dwelt
A wretch of all the joys of life forlorn;
His fame on double falſities was built:
(Ah! worthleſs ſon, of worthleſs parent born!)
Under the ſhew of ſemblance fair, he veil'd
The black intentions of his helliſh breaſt;
And by theſe guileful means he more prevail'd
Than had he open enmity profeſt;
The wolf more ſafely wounds when in ſheep's cloathing dreſt.

XXV. Him

XXV.

Him then themſelves atween they joyful place,
(Sure ſign of woe when ſuch are pleas'd, alas!)
Then meaſure back the air with ſwifter pace,
Until they reach the foot of Mount Parnaſs.
Hither in evil hour the monſters came,
And with their new companion did alight,
Who long had loſt all ſenſe of virtuous ſhame,
Beholding worth with poiſonous deſpight;
On his ſucceſs depends their impious delight.

XXVI.

Long burnt He ſore the ſummit to obtain,
And ſpread his venom o'er the bliſsful ſeat;
Long burnt He ſore, but ſtill He burnt in vain;
Mote none come there, who come with impious feet.
At lenth, at unawares, he out doth ſpit
That ſpite which elſe had to himſelf been bane;
The venom on the breaſt of Milton lit,
And ſpread benumbing death thro' every vein;
The Bard of life bereft fell ſenſeleſs on the plain.

XXVII. As

XXVII.

As at the banquet of Thyeſtes old,
The ſun is ſaid t' have ſhut his radiant eye,
So did he now thro' grief his beams with-hold,
And darkneſs to be felt o'erwhelm'd the ſky;
Forth iſſued from their diſmal dark abodes
The birds attendant upon hideous night,
Shriek-owls and ravens, whoſe fell croaking bodes
Approaching death to miſerable wight:
Did never mind of man behold ſike dreadful ſight?

XXVIII.

Apollo wails his darling, done to die
By foul attempt of Envy's fatal bane;
The Muses ſprinkle him with dew of Caſtaly,
And crown his death with many a living ſtrain;
Hoary Parnassus beats his aged breaſt,
Aged, yet ne'er before did ſorrow know;
The flowers drooping their deſpair atteſt,
Th' aggrieved rivers querulouſly flow;
All nature ſudden groan'd with ſympathetic woe.

XXIX.

But, lo! the ſky a gayer livery wears,
The melting clouds begin to fade apace,
And now the cloak of darkneſs diſappears,
(May darkneſs ever thus to light give place!)
Erſt griev'd APOLLO jocund looks reſumes,
The NINE renew their whilom chearful ſong,
No grief PARNASSUS' aged breaſt conſumes,
Forth from the teeming earth new flowers ſprong,
The plenteous rivers flow'd full peacefully along.

XXX.

The ſtricken Bard freſh vital heat renews,
Whoſe blood, erſt ſtagnate, ruſhes thro' his veins;
Life thro' each pore her ſpirit doth infuſe,
And FAME by MALICE unextinguiſh'd reigns:
And ſee, a form breaks forth, all heav'nly bright,
Upheld by one of mortal progeny,
A Female Form, yclad in ſnowy white,
Ne half ſo fair at diſtance ſeen as nigh;
DOUGLAS and TRUTH appear, ENVY and LAUDER die.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

JEALOUS WIFE.

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK.

THE JEALOUS WIFE! a Comedy! poor man!
A charming ſubject! but a wretched plan.
His ſkittiſh wit, o'erleaping the due bound,
Commits flat treſpaſs upon tragic ground.
Quarrels, upbraidings, jealouſies, and ſpleen,
Grow too familiar in the comic ſcene.
Tinge but the language with heroic chime,
'Tis Paſſion, Pathos, Character, Sublime!
What round big words had ſwell'd the pompous ſcene,
A king the huſband, and the wife a queen!
Then might Diſtraction rend her graceful hair,
See ſightleſs forms, and ſcream, and gape, and ſtare.
Drawcanſir death had rag'd without controul,
Here the drawn dagger, there the poiſon'd bowl.
What eyes had ſtream'd at all the whining woe!
What hands had thunder'd at each *Hah!* and *Oh!*

But peace! the gentle prologue cuſtom ſends,
Like drum and ſerjeant, to beat up for friends.
At vice and folly, each a lawful game,
Our author flies, but with no *partial* aim.
He read the manners, open as they lie
In nature's volume to the general eye.
Books too he read, nor bluſh'd to uſe their ſtore.—
He does but what his betters did before.
Shakeſpeare has done it, and the Grecian ſtage
Caught truth of character from Homer's page.

If in his ſcenes an honeſt ſkill is ſhewn,
And borrowing, little, much appears his own;
If what a maſter's happy pencil drew
He brings more forward, in dramatic view;
To your deciſion he ſubmits his cauſe,
Secure of candour, anxious for applauſe.

But if, all rude, his artleſs ſcenes deface
The ſimple beauties which he meant to grace;
If, an invader upon others' land,
He ſpoil and plunder with a robber's hand,
Do juſtice on him!—As on fools before,
And give to *Blockheads* paſt one *Blockhead* more.

PROLOGUE,

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE, ON HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1761.

GENIUS, neglected, mourns his wither'd bays;
But ſoars to heav'n from virtue's generous praiſe.
When Kings themſelves the proper judges ſit
O'er the bleſt realms of ſcience, arts and wit,
Each eager breaſt beats high for glorious fame,
And emulation glows with active flame.
Thus, with Auguſtus roſe imperial Rome,
For arms renown'd abroad, for arts at home.
Thus, when Eliza fill'd Britannia's throne,
What arts, what learning was not then our own?
Then ſinew'd Genius, ſtrong and nervous roſe,
In Spenſer's numbers, and in Raleigh's proſe;
On Bacon's lips then every ſcience hung,
And Nature ſpoke from her own Shakeſpeare's tongue.
Her patriot ſmiles fell, like refreſhing dews,
To wake to life each pleaſing uſeful Muſe,
While every virtue which the Queen profeſs'd,
Beam'd on her ſubjects, but to make them bleſt.

O glorious times!—O theme of praiſe divine!
—Be happy, Briton, then—ſuch times are thine.

Behold e'en now ſtrong ſcience imps her wing,
And arts revive beneath a Patriot King.
The Muſes too burſt forth with double light,
To ſhed their luſtre in a Monarch's ſight.
His cheering ſmiles alike to all extend—
Perhaps *this ſpot* may boaſt a Royal Friend.
And when a Prince, with early judgment grac'd,
Himſelf ſhall marſhal out the way to taſte,
Caught with the flame perhaps e'en *here* may riſe
Some powerful genius of uncommon ſize,
And, pleas'd with nature, nature's depths explore,
And be what our great Shakeſpeare was before.

O D E

SPOKEN ON A PUBLIC OCCASION AT WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

NOR at Apollo's vaunted ſhrine,
Nor to the fabled Siſters Nine,
Offers the youth his ineffectual vow.
Far be their rites!—Such worſhip fits not now;
When at Eliza's ſacred name
Each breaſt receives the preſent flame:
While eager genius plumes her infant wings,
And with bold impulſe ſtrikes th' accordant ſtrings,
Reflecting on the crouded line
Of mitred ſages, bards divine,
Of patriots, active in their country's cauſe,
Who plan her councils, or direct her laws.

Oh Memory! how thou lov'ſt to ſtray,
Delighted, o'er the flow'ry way
Of childhood's greener years! when ſimple youth
Pour'd the pure dictates of ingenuous truth!
'Tis then the ſouls congenial meet,
Inſpir'd with friendſhip's genuine heat,

Ere intereſt, frantic zeal, or jealous art,
Have taught the language foreign to the heart.

'Twas *here*, in many an early ſtrain
Dryden firſt try'd his claſſic vein,
Spurr'd his ſtrong genius to the diſtant goal,
In wild effuſions of his manly ſoul;
When Buſby's ſkill, and judgment ſage,
Repreſs'd the poet's frantic rage,
Cropt his luxuriance bold, and blended taught
The flow of numbers with the ſtrength of thought.

Nor, Cowley, be thy Muſe forgot! which ſtrays
In wit's ambiguous flowery maze,
With many a pointed turn and ſtudied art:
Tho' affectation blot thy rhyme,
Thy mind was lofty and ſublime,
And manly honour dignified thy heart:
Though fond of wit, yet firm to virtue's plan,
The *Poet*'s trifles ne'er diſgrac'd the *Man*.

Well might thy morals ſweet engage
Th' attention of the Mitred Sage,
Smit with the plain ſimplicity of truth.
For not ambition's giddy ſtrife,
The gilded toys of public life,
Which ſnare the gay unſtable youth,

Cou'd lure Thee from the ſober charms,
Which lapt thee in retirements' arms,
Whence Thou, untainted with the pride of ſtate,
Coud'ſt ſmile with pity on the buſtling Great.

Such were Eliza's ſons. Her foſt'ring care
Here bad free genius tune his grateful ſong;
Which elſe had waſted in the deſart air,
Or droop'd unnotic'd 'mid the vulgar throng.
—Ne'er may her youth degenerate ſhame
The glories of Eliza's name!
But with the poet's frenzy bold,
Such as inſpir'd her bards of old,
Pluck the green laurel from the hand of fame!

ARCA-

ARCADIA. A DRAMATIC PASTORAL.

SCENE I. A view of the country.

SHEPHERDS AND SHEPHERDESSES.

CHORUS.

SHEPHERDS, buxom, blithe and free,
Now's the time for jollity.

SYLVIA.

AIR.

Hither haſte, and bring along
Merry tale and jocund ſong.
To the pipe and tabor beat
Frolic meaſures with your feet.
Ev'ry gift of time employ;
Make the moſt of proffer'd joy.
Pleaſure hates the ſcanty rules
Portion'd out by dreaming fools.

CHORUS.

Shepherds, buxom, blithe and free,
Now's the time for jollity.

[A dance of Shepherds, &c.

SYLVIA.

RECITATIVE.

Rejoice, ye happy ſwains, rejoice;
It is the heart that prompts the voice.
Be ſorrow baniſh'd far away;
Thyrſis ſhall make it holy-day.
Who at his name can joy ſuppreſs?
ARCADIAN-BORN to rule and bleſs.

DAMON.

And hark! from rock to rock the ſound
Of winding horn, and deep-mouth'd hound,
Breaking with rapture on the ear,
Proclaims the blithſome Phœbe near:
See where ſhe haſtes with eager pace,
To ſpeak the joys that paint her face.

SCENE II. Opens to a proſpect of rocks.

Huntſmen, Huntreſſes, &c. coming down from them.

PHOEBE.

Hither I ſpeed with honeſt glee,
Such as befits the mind that's free;

Your

Your chearful troop, blithe youth, to join,
And mix my ſocial joys with thine.
Now may each nymph, and frolic ſwain,
O'er mountain ſteep, or level plain,
Court buxom health, while jocund horn
Bids echo wake the ſluggard morn.

AIR.

When the morning peeps forth, and the zephyr's cool gale,
Carries fragrance and health over mountain and dale;
Up, ye nymphs, and ye ſwains, and together we'll rove,
Up hill, down the valley, by thicket or grove:
Then follow with me, where the welkin reſounds
With the notes of the horns, and the cry of the hounds.

Let the wretched be ſlaves to ambition and wealth;
All the bleſſing we aſk is the bleſſing of health.
So ſhall innocence ſelf give a warrant to joys
No envy diſturbs, no dependance deſtroys.
Then follow with me, where the welkin reſounds
With the notes of the horn, and the cry of the hounds.

O'er

O'er hill, dale, and woodland, with rapture we
roam;
Yet returning, ſtill find the dear pleaſures at home;
Where the chearful good humour gives honeſty grace,
And the heart ſpeaks content in the ſmiles of the face.
Then follow with me, where the welkin reſounds
With the notes of the horn, and the cry of the
hounds.

DAMÆTAS.

RECITATIVE.

Small care, my friends, your youth annoys,
Which only looks to preſent joys.

SYLVIA.

Though the white locks of ſilver'd age,
And long experience hail thee ſage;
Ill ſuits it in this joy, to wear
A brow ſo over-hung with care.
Better with us thy voice to raiſe,
And join a whole Arcadia's praiſe.

DAMÆTAS.

With you I joy that Thyrſis reigns
The guardian o'er his native plains:

But

But praiſe is ſcanty to reveal
The ſpeaking bleſſings all muſt feel.

DAMON.

True, all muſt feel — but thankleſs too?
Nor give to virtue, virtue's due?
My grateful heart ſhall ever ſhew
The debt I need not bluſh to owe.

AIR.

That I go where I liſt, that I ſing what I pleaſe,
That my labour's the price of contentment and eaſe,
That no care from abroad my retirement annoys,
That at home I can taſte the true family joys,
That my kids wanton ſafely o'er meadows and rocks,
That my ſheep graze ſecure from the robber or fox;
Theſe are bleſſings I ſhare with the reſt of the ſwains,
For it's Thyrſis who gave them, and Thyrſis maintains.

DAMÆTAS.

RECITATIVE.

Periſh my voice, if e'er I blame
Thy duty to our guardian's name!

His

His active talents I revere,
But eye them with a jealous fear.
Intent to form our bliſs alone,
The generous youth forgets his own;
Nor e'er his buſy mind employs
To find a partner of his joys.
So might his happy offspring own
The virtues which their ſire hath ſhewn.

A I R.

With joy the parent loves to trace
Reſemblance in his children's face:
And as he forms their docile youth
To walk the ſteady paths of truth,
Obſerves them ſhooting into men,
And lives in them life o'er again.

While active ſons, with eager flame,
Catch virtue at their father's name;
When full of glory, full of age,
The parent quits this buſy ſtage,
What in the ſons we moſt admire,
Calls to new life the honour'd fire.

SYLVIA.

RECITATIVE.

O prudent Sage forgive the zeal
Of thoughtleſs youth. With thee I feel,
The glories now Arcadia ſhares
May but embitter future cares.

Oh mighty Pan! attend Arcadia's voice,
Inſpire, direct, and ſanctify his choice.

AIR.

So may all thy ſylvan train,
Dryad, nymph, and ruſtic faun,
To the pipe and merry ſtrain,
Trip it o'er the ruſſet lawn!
May no thorn or bearded graſs
Hurt their footſteps as they paſs,
Whilſt in gambols round and round
They ſport it o'er the ſhaven ground!

Though thy Syrinx, like a dream,
Flying at the face of day,
Vaniſh'd in the limpid ſtream,
Bearing all thy hopes away,

If

If again thy heart ſhould burn,
In careſſing,
Bleſt, and bleſſing,
May'ſt thou find a wiſh'd return.

CHORUS.

O mighty Pan! attend Arcadia's voice,
Inſpire, direct, and ſanctify his choice.

[A dance of huntſmen and huntreſſes.

DAMÆTAS.

RECITATIVE.

Peace, ſhepherds, peace, with jocund air,
Which ſpeaks a heart unknown to care,
Young Delia haſtes. The glad ſurprize
Of rapture flaſhing from her eyes.

ENTER DELIA.

DELIA.

AIR.

Shepherds, ſhepherds, come away;
Sadneſs were a ſin to-day.

Let the pipe's merry notes aid the ſkill of the voice;
For our wiſhes are crown'd, and our hearts ſhall rejoice.
Rejoice, and be glad;
For ſure he is mad
Who, where mirth and good humour, and harmony's found,
Never catches the ſmile, nor let pleaſure go round.
Let the ſtupid be grave,
'Tis the vice of the ſlave;
But can never agree
With a maiden like me,
Who is born in a country that's happy and free.

DAMÆTAS.

RECITATIVE.

What means this rapture, Delia? Shew
Th' event our boſoms burn to know.

DELIA.

Now as I trod yon verdant ſide,
Where Ladon rolls its ſilver tide,
All gayly deck'd in gorgeous ſtate,
Sail'd a proud barge of richeſt freight:

Where

Where ſat a nymph, more freſh and fair
Than bloſſoms which the morning air
Steals perfume from; the modeſt grace
Of maiden bluſh beſpread her face.
Hither it made, and on this ſtrand
Pour'd its rich freight for ſhepherds' land.
Ladon, for this, ſmooth flow thy tide!
The precious freight was Thyrſis' bride.

DAMÆTAS.

RECITATIVE.

Stop, ſhepherds, if aright I hear,
The ſounds of joy proclaim them near:
Lets meet them, friends, I'll lead the way;
Joy makes me young again to-day.

SCENE III.

A view of the ſea, with a veſſel at a diſtance.

[Here follows a Paſtoral Proceſſion to the wedding of Thyrſis.]

PRIEST.

RECITATIVE.

Mighty Pan! with tender care,
View this ſwain and virgin fair;

May they ever thus impart
Juſt return of heart for heart.
May the pledges of their bliſs
Climb their knees to ſhare the kiſs.
May their ſteady blooming youth,
While they tread the paths of truth,
Virtues catch from either ſide,
From the bridegroom and the bride.

CHORUS.

May their ſteady blooming youth,
While they tread the paths of truth,
Virtues catch from either ſide,
From the bridegroom and the bride.

EPIS-

AN EPISTLE TO MR. COLMAN.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1756.

YOU know, dear George, I'm none of thoſe
That condeſcend to write in proſe;
Inſpir'd with pathos and ſublime,
I always ſoar—in doggrel rhyme,
And ſcarce can aſk you how you do,
Without a jingling line or two.
Beſides, I always took delight in
What bears the name of *eaſy writing*;
Perhaps the reaſon makes it pleaſe
Is, that I find it's writ with eaſe.

I vent a notion here in private,
Which public taſte can ne'er connive at,
Which thinks no wit or judgment greater
Than Addiſon and his Spectator,
Who ſays (it is no matter where,
But that he ſays it, I can ſwear)
With *eaſy verſe* moſt Bards are ſmitten,
Becauſe they think it's *eaſy written*;
Whereas the *eaſier* it appears,
The greater marks of *care* it wears;

Of which, to give an explanation,
Take this by way of illuſtration :
The fam'd Mat Prior, it is ſaid,
Oft bit his nails, and ſcratch'd his head,
And chang'd a thought a hundred times,
Becauſe he did not like the rhymes.
To make my meaning clear, and pleaſe ye,
In ſhort, he *labour'd* to write *eaſy*.
And yet, no critic e'er defines
His poems into labour'd lines.
I have a ſimile will hit him ;
His verſe, like clothes, was made to fit him,
Which (as no Taylor e'er denied)
The better fit, the more they're tried.

Though I have mention'd Prior's name,
Think not I aim at Prior's fame.
'Tis the reſult of admiration
To ſpend itſelf in imitation ;
If imitation may be ſaid,
Which is in me by nature bred,
And you have better proofs than theſe,
That I'm idolater of *eaſe*.

Who, but a madman, would engage
A Poet in the preſent age ?

Write

Write what we will, our works beſpeak us
Imitatores, ſervum Pecus.
Tale, Elegy, or lofty Ode,
We travel in the beaten road.
The proverb ſtill ſticks cloſely by us,
Nil dictum, quod non dictum prius.
The only comfort that I know
Is, that 'twas ſaid an age ago,
Ere Milton ſoar'd in thought ſublime,
Ere Pope refin'd the chink of rhyme,
Ere Colman wrote in ſtile ſo pure,
Or the great TWO the CONNOISSEUR;
Ere I burleſqu'd the rural cit,
Proud to hedge in my ſcraps of wit,
And happy in the cloſe connexion,
T' acquire ſome name from their reflexion;
So (the ſimilitude is trite)
The moon ſtill ſhines with borrow'd light,
And, like the race of modern beaux,
Ticks with the ſun for her lac'd clothes.

Methinks there is no better time
To ſhew the uſe I make of rhyme,
Than now, when I, who from beginning
Was always fond of couplet-ſinning,

Preſuming on good-nature's ſcore,
Thus lay my bantling at your door.

The firſt advantage which I ſee,
Is, that I ramble looſe and free:
The Bard indeed full oft complains,
That rhymes are *fetters*, *links*, and *chains*,
And when he wants to leap the fence,
Still keep him pris'ner to the ſenſe.
Howe'er in common-place he rage,
Rhyme's like your *fetters* on the *ſtage*,
Which when the player once hath wore,
It makes him only ſtrut the more,
While, raving in pathetic ſtrains,
He ſhakes his legs to clank his chains.

From rhyme, as from a handſome face,
Nonſenſe acquires a kind of grace;
I therefore give it all its ſcope,
That ſenſe may unperceiv'd elope:
So miniſters of baſeſt tricks
(I love a fling at *politicks*)
Amuſe the nation, court, and king,
With breaking F—kes, and hanging Byng;
And make each *puny* rogue a prey,
While they, the *greater*, ſlink away.

This

This ſimile perhaps would ſtrike,
If match'd with ſomething more alike;
Then take it dreſs'd a ſecond time
In Prior's eaſe, and *my* ſublime.
Say, did you never chance to meet
A mob of people in the ſtreet,
Ready to give the robb'd relief,
And all in haſte to catch a thief,
While the ſly rogue, who filch'd the prey,
Too cloſe beſet to run away,
Stop thief! ſtop thief! exclaims aloud,
And ſo eſcapes among the croud?
So Miniſters, &c.

O England, how I mourn thy fate!
For ſure thy loſſes now are great;
Two ſuch what Briton can endure,
Minorca and the Connoiſſeur!

To-day, before the ſun goes down,
Will die the Cenſor, Mr. Town!
He dies, whoe'er takes pains to con him,
With bluſhing honours thick upon him;
O may his name theſe verſes ſave,
Be theſe inſcrib'd upon his grave!

Know,

Know, reader, that on Thurſday died
The CONNOISSEUR, a ſuicide!
Yet think not that his ſoul is fled,
Nor rank him 'mongſt the vulgar dead.
Howe'er defunct you ſet him down,
He's only *going out* of *Town*.

THE PUFF.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE BOOKSELLER AND AUTHOR.

BOOKSELLER.

MUSEUM, ſir! that's not enough.
New works, we know, require a Puff;
A title to entrap the eyes,
And catch the reader by ſurprize:
As gaudy ſigns, which hang before
The tavern or the alehouſe door,
Hitch every paſſer's obſervation,
Magnetic in their invitation.
—That SHAKESPEARE is prodigious fine!
Shall we ſtep in, and taſte the wine?
Men, women, houſes, horſes, books,
All borrow credit from their looks.
Externals have the gift of ſtriking,
And lure the fancy into liking.

AUTHOR.

Oh! I perceive the thing you mean—
Call it *St. James's Magazine.*

BOOK-

BOOKSELLER.

Or the *New Britiſh*—

AUTHOR.

Oh! no more.

One name's as good as half a ſcore.
And titles oft give nothing leſs
Than what they *ſtaringly* profeſs.
Puffing, I grant, is all the mode;
The common hackney turnpike road:
But cuſtom is the blockhead's guide,
And ſuch low arts diſguſt my pride.
Succeſs on merit's force depends,
Not on the partial voice of friends;
Not on the *ſeems*, that bully ſin;
But that *which paſſeth ſhew within:*
Which bids the warmth of friendſhip glow,
And wrings conviction from a foe.—
Deſerve Succeſs, and proudly claim,
Not *ſteal* a paſſage into fame.

BOOKSELLER.

Your method, ſir, will never do;
You're right in theory, it's true.
But then, experience in *our* trade
Says, there's no harm in ſome parade.
Suppoſe we ſaid, by Mr. Lloyd?

AUTHOR.

The very thing I wou'd avoid;

And would be rather pleas'd to own
Myſelf unknowing, and unknown:
What could th' unknowing muſe expect,
But information or neglect?
Unknown — perhaps her reputation
Eſcapes the tax of defamation,
And wrapt in darkneſs, laughs unhurt,
While *critic* blockheads throw their dirt:
But he who madly prints his name,
Invites his foe to take ſure aim.

BOOKSELLER.

True — but a name will always bring
A better ſanction to the thing:
And all your ſcribbling foes are ſuch,
Their cenſure cannot hurt you much;
And, take the matter ne'er ſo ill,
If *you* don't print it, ſir, *they* will.

AUTHOR.

Well, be it ſo — that ſtruggle's o'er —
Nay, — this ſhall prove one ſpur the more.
Pleas'd if ſucceſs attends, if not,
I've *writ my name, and made a blot.*

BOOKSELLER.

But a good print.

AUTHOR.

The print? why there
I truſt to honeſt LEACH's care.

What is't to me? in verſe or proſe,
I find the ſtuff, you make the cloaths:
And paper, print, and all ſuch dreſs,
Will loſe no credit from *his* preſs.

BOOKSELLER.

You quite miſtake the thing I mean,
—I'll fetch you, ſir, a MAGAZINE;
You ſee that picture there,—the QUEEN.

AUTHOR.

A dedication to her too!
What will not folly dare to do?
O days of art! when happy ſkill
Can raiſe a likeneſs whence it will;
When portraits aſk no REYNOLD's aid,
And queens and kings are ready made.

No, no, my friend, by helps like theſe,
I cannot wiſh my work ſhould pleaſe;
No pictures taken from the life,
Where all proportions are at ſtrife;
No HUMMING-BIRD, no PAINTED FLOWER,
No BEAST juſt landed in the TOWER,
No WOODEN NOTES, no COLOUR'D MAP,
No COUNTRY-DANCE ſhall ſtop a gap;
O PHILOMATH, be not ſevere,
If not one problem meets you here;

Where

Where goſſip A, and neighbour B,
Pair, like good friends, with C and D;
And E F G, H I K join;
And curve and *incidental* line
Fall out, fall in, and croſs each other,
Juſt like a ſiſter and a brother.
Ye *tiny* poets, *tiny* wits,
Who friſk about on *tiny* tits,
Who words disjoin, and ſweetly ſing,
Take one third part, and *take the thing*;
Then cloſe the joints again, to frame
Some LADY's, or ſome CITY's name,
Enjoy your own, your proper *Phœbus*;
We neither make, nor print a REBUS.
No CRAMBO, no ACROSTIC fine,
Great letters lacing down each line;
No ſtrange CONUNDRUM, no invention
Beyond the reach of comprehenſion,
No RIDDLE, which whoe'er unties,
Claims twelve MUSEUMS for the PRIZE,
Shall ſtrive to pleaſe you, at th' expence
Of ſimple taſte, and common ſenſe.

BOOKSELLER.

But would not ORNAMENT produce
Some real grace, and proper uſe?

A FRON-

A FRONTISPIECE would have its weight,
Neatly engrav'd on copper-plate.

AUTHOR.

Plain letter-preſs ſhall do the feat,
What need of foppery to be neat?
The Paſte-board Guard delights me more,
That ſtands to watch a bun-houſe door,
Than ſuch a mockery of grace,
And ornament ſo out of place.

BOOKSELLER.

But one word more, and I have done —
A PATENT might inſure its run.

AUTHOR.

Patent! for what! can patents give
A Genius? or make blockheads live?
If ſo, O hail the glorious plan!
And buy it at what price you can.
But what alas! will that avail,
Beyond the *property* of ſale?
A property of little worth,
If weak our produce at its birth.
For fame, for honeſt fame we ſtrive,
But not to ſtruggle half alive,
And drag a miſerable being,
Its end ſtill fearing and foreſeeing.

Oh!

Oh! may the flame of genius blaze,
Enkindled with the breath of praiſe!
But far be ev'ry fruitleſs puff,
To blow to light a dying ſnuff.

BOOKSELLER.

But ſhould not ſomething, ſir, be ſaid,
Particular on ev'ry head?
What your ORIGINALS will be,
What *infinite* variety,
Multum in Parvo, as they ſay,
And ſomething neat in every way?

AUTHOR.

I wiſh there could—but that depends
Not on myſelf, ſo much as friends.
I but ſet up a new machine,
With harneſs tight, and furniſh'd clean;
Where ſuch, who think it no diſgrace,
To ſend in time, and take a place,
The book-keeper ſhall minute down,
And I with pleaſure drive to town.

BOOKSELLER.

Ay, tell them that, ſir, and then ſay,
What letters come in every day;
And what great *Wits* your care procures,
To join their ſocial hands with yours.

AUTHOR.

What! muſt I huge propoſals print,
Merely to drop ſome ſaucy hint,
That real folks of real fame
Will give their works, and not their name?
—This Puff's of uſe, you ſay—why let it,
We'll boaſt ſuch friendſhip when we get it.

BOOKSELLER.

Get it! Ah, ſir, you do but jeſt,
You'll have aſſiſtance, and the beſt.
There's CHURCHILL—will not CHURCHILL lend
Aſſiſtance?

AUTHOR.

Surely—to his FRIEND.

BOOKSELLER.

And then your intereſt might procure
Something from either CONNOISSEUR.
COLMAN and THORNTON, both will join
Their ſocial hand, to ſtrengthen thine:
And when your name appears in print,
Will GARRICK *never* drop a hint?

AUTHOR.

True, I've indulg'd ſuch hopes before,
From thoſe you name, and many more;
And they, perhaps, again will join
Their hand, if not aſham'd of mine.

Bold is the taſk we undertake,
The friends we wiſh, the WORK muſt make:
For Wits, like adjectives, are known
To cling to that which ſtands alone.

BOOKSELLER.

Perhaps too, in our way of trade,
We might procure ſome uſeful aid;
Could we engage ſome able pen,
To furniſh matter now and then;
There's—what's his name, ſir? wou'd compile,
And methodize the news in *ſtyle*.

AUTHOR.

Take back your newſman whence he came,
Carry your crutches to the lame.

BOOKSELLER.

You muſt enrich your book, indeed!
Bare MERIT never will ſucceed;
Which readers are not now a-days,
By half ſo apt to buy, as praiſe;
And praiſe is hardly worth purſuing,
Which tickles authors to their ruin.
Books ſhift about, like ladies' dreſs,
And there's a faſhion in ſucceſs.
But could not we, like little *Bayes*,
Armies *imaginary* raiſe?

And bid our generals take the field,
To head the troops that lie conceal'd?
Bid *General* ESSAY lead the van,
By—Oh! the *Style* will ſhew the man:
Bid *Major* SCIENCE bold appear,
With all his pot-hooks in the rear.

AUTHOR.

True, true—our NEWS, our PROSE, our RHYMES,
Shall ſhew the colour of the times;
For which moſt ſalutary ends,
We've fellow-ſoldiers, fellow-friends.
For city, and for court affairs,
My lord duke's butler, and the mayor's.
For politics—eternal talkers,
Profound obſervers, and park-walkers.
For plays, great actors of renown,
(Lately or juſt arriv'd in town)
Or ſome, in ſtate of abdication,
Of oratorial reputation;
Or thoſe who live on ſcraps and bits,
Mere green-room waſps, and Temple wits;
Shall teach you, in a page or two,
What GARRICK ſhould, or ſhould not do.
Trim poets from the *City* deſk,
Deep vers'd in *rural* picturesque,

Who

Who minute down, with wond'rous pains,
What RIDER's Almanack contains
On flow'r and ſeed, and wind, and weather,
And bind them in an *Ode* together;
Shall thro' the ſeaſons monthly ſing
Sweet WINTER, AUTUMN, SUMMER, SPRING.

BOOKSELLER.

Ah, ſir! I ſee you love to jeſt,
I did but hint things for the beſt.
Do what you pleaſe, 'tis *your* deſign,
And if it fails, no blame is mine;
I leave the management to you,
Your ſervant, ſir,

AUTHOR.

I'm yours,—Adieu.

CHIT-CHAT.

AN IMITATION OF THEOCRITUS.

IDYLL. XV. Ενδοι Πραξινοα, &c.

MRS. BROWN.

IS Miſtreſs SCOT at home, my dear?

SERVANT.

MA'M, is it you? I'm glad you're here.
My *Miſſes*, tho' reſolv'd to wait,
Is quite *unpatient*—'tis ſo late.
She fancy'd you would not come down,
—But pray walk in, MA'M—Mrs. BROWN.

MRS. SCOT.

Your ſervant, MADAM. Well, I ſwear
I'd giv'n you over—Child, a chair.
Pray, MA'M, be ſeated.

MRS. BROWN.

Lard! my dear,
I vow I'm almoſt dead with fear.
There is ſuch *ſcrouging* and ſuch *ſqueeging*,
The folks are all ſo diſobliging;
And then the waggons, carts and drays
So clog up all theſe narrow ways,

What

What with the buſtle and the throng,
I wonder how I got along.
Beſides the walk is ſo *immenſe*—
Not that I grudge a coach expence,
But then it jumbles me to death,
—And I was always ſhort of breath.
How can you live ſo far, my dear?
It's quite a journey to come here.

MRS. SCOT.

Lard! MA'M, I left it all to *Him*,
Huſbands you know, will have their whim.
He took this houſe.—This houſe! this den.—
See but the temper of ſome men.
And I, forſooth, am hither hurl'd,
To live *quite out of all the world.*
Huſband, indeed!

MRS. BROWN.

Hiſt! lower, pray,
The child hears every word you ſay.
See how he looks—

MRS. SCOT.

Jacky, come here,
There's a good boy, look up, my dear.
'Twas not papa we talk'd about.
—Surely he cannot find it out.

MRS. BROWN.

See how the urchin holds his hands.
Upon my life he underſtands.
—There's a ſweet child, come, kiſs me, come,
Will *Jacky* have a ſugar-plumb?

MRS. SCOT.

This Perſon, MADAM (call him ſo,
And then the child will never know)
From houſe to houſe would ramble out,
And every night a drunken-bout.
For at a tavern he will ſpend
His twenty ſhillings with a friend.
Your rabbits fricaſſeed and chicken,
With curious choice of dainty picking,
Each night got ready at the *Crown*,
With port and punch to waſh 'em down,
Would ſcarcely ſerve this belly-glutton,
Whilſt we muſt ſtarve on mutton, mutton.

MRS. BROWN.

My good man, too— Lord bleſs us! Wives
Are born to lead unhappy lives,
Altho' his profits bring him clear
Almoſt two hundred pounds a year,
Keeps me of caſh ſo ſhort and bare,
That *I have not a gown to wear*;

Except

Except my robe, and yellow ſack,
And this old luteſtring on my back.
— But we've no time, my dear, to waſte.
Come, where's your cardinal, make haſte.
The KING, God bleſs his majeſty, I ſay,
Goes to the houſe of lords to-day,
In a fine painted coach and eight,
And rides along in all his ſtate.
And then the QUEEN—

MRS. SCOT.

Aye, aye, you know,
Great folks can always make a ſhow.
But tell me, do — I've never ſeen
Her preſent majeſty, the QUEEN.

MRS. BROWN.

Lard! we've no time for talking now,
Hark!—one—two—three—'tis *twelve* I vow.

MRS. SCOT.

KITTY, my things,—I'll ſoon have done,
It's time enough, you know, at *one*.
—Why, girl! ſee how the creature ſtands!
Some water here, to waſh my hands.
—Be quick—why ſure the gipſy ſleeps!
—Look how the drawling daudle creeps.
That baſon there—why don't you pour,
Go on, I ſay—ſtop, ſtop—no more—

Lud!

Lud! I could beat the huſſey down,
She's pour'd it all upon my gown.
—Bring me my ruffles—can'ſt not mind?
And pin my handkerchief behind.
Sure thou haſt aukwardneſs enough,
Go—fetch my gloves, and fan, and muff.
—Well, heav'n be prais'd—this work is done,
I'm ready now, my dear—let's run.
Girl,—put that bottle on the ſhelf,
And bring me back the key yourſelf.

MRS. BROWN.

That clouded ſilk becomes you much,
I wonder how you meet with ſuch,
But you've a charming taſte in dreſs.
What might it coſt you, Madam?

MRS. SCOT.

Gueſs.

MRS. BROWN.

Oh! that's impoſſible—for I
Am in the world the worſt to buy.

MRS. SCOT.

I never love to bargain hard,
Five ſhillings, as I think, a yard.
—I was afraid it ſhould be gone—
'Twas what I'd ſet my heart upon.

MRS.

MRS. BROWN.

Indeed you bargain'd with ſucceſs,
For its a moſt delightful dreſs.
Beſides, it fits you to a hair,
And then 'tis flop'd with ſuch an air.

MRS. SCOT.

I'm glad you think ſo,—*Kitty*, here,
Bring me my cardinal, my dear.
Jacky, my love, nay don't you cry,
Take *you* abroad!—indeed not I;
For all the *Bugaboes* to fright ye—
Beſides, the naughty horſe will bite ye;
With ſuch a mob about the ſtreet,
Bleſs me, they'll tread you under feet.
Whine as you pleaſe, I'll have no blame,
You'd better blubber, than be lame.
The more you cry, the leſs you'll ——
——Come, come then, give mamma a kiſs,
KITTY, I ſay, here take the boy,
And fetch him down the laſt new toy,
Make him as merry as you can,
——There, go to KITTY—there's a *man*.
Call in the dog, and ſhut the door,
Now, MA'M,

MRS. BROWN.

Oh Lard!

MRS.

MRS. SCOT.

Pray go before.

MRS. BROWN.

I can't indeed, now.

MRS. SCOT.

MADAM, pray.

MRS. BROWN.

Well then, for once, I'll lead the way.

MRS. SCOT.

Lard! what an uproar! what a throng!
How ſhall we do to get along?
What will become of us?—look here,
Here's all the king's horſe-guards, my dear.
Let us croſs over—haſte, be quick,
—Pray ſir, take care—your horſe will kick.
He'll kill his rider—he's ſo wild.
—I'm glad I did not bring the child.

MRS. BROWN.

Don't be afraid, my dear, come on,
Why don't you ſee the guards are gone?

MRS. SCOT.

Well, I begin to draw my breath;
But I was almoſt ſcar'd to death.
For when a horſe rears up and capers,
It always puts me in the vapours.

For

For as I live,—nay, don't you laugh,
I'd rather ſee a toad by half,
They kick and prance, and look ſo bold,
It makes my very blood run cold.
But let's go forward—come, be quick,
The crowd again grows vaſtly thick.

MRS. BROWN.

Come you from *Palace-yard*, old dame?

OLD WOMAN.

Troth, do I, my young ladies, why?

MRS. BROWN.

Was it much crouded when you came?

MRS. SCOT.

And is his majeſty gone by?

MRS. BROWN.

Can we get in, old lady, pray
To ſee him robe himſelf to-day?

MRS. SCOT.

Can you direct us, dame?

OLD WOMAN.

Endeavour,
TROY could not ſtand a ſiege for ever.
By frequent trying, TROY was won,
All things, by trying, may be done.

MRS. BROWN.

Go thy ways, Proverbs—well—ſhe's gone—
Shall we turn back, or venture on?
Look how the folks preſs on before,
And throng impatient at the door.

MRS. SCOT.

Perdigious! I can hardly ſtand,
Lord bleſs me, Mrs. BROWN, your hand;
And you, my dear, take hold of hers,
For we muſt ſtick as cloſe as burrs,
Or in this racket, noiſe and pother,
We certainly ſhall loſe each other.
——Good God! my cardinal and ſack
Are almoſt torn from off my back.
Lard, I ſhall faint—Oh Lud—my breaſt—
I'm cruſh'd to atoms, I proteſt.
God bleſs me—I have dropt my fan,
—Pray did you ſee it, honeſt man?

MAN.

I, madam! no,—indeed, I fear
You'll meet with ſome misfortune here.
—Stand back, I ſay—pray, ſir, forbear—
Why, don't you ſee the ladies there?
Put yourſelves under my direction,
Ladies, I'll be your ſafe protection.

MRS.

MRS. SCOT.

You're very kind, ſir; truly few
Are half ſo complaiſant as you.
We ſhall be glad at any day
This obligation to repay,
And you'll be always ſure to meet
A welcome, ſir, in — Lard! the ſtreet
Bears ſuch a name, I can't tell how
To tell him where I live, I vow.
—Mercy! what's all this noiſe and ſtir?
Pray is the KING a coming, ſir?

MAN.

No—don't you hear the people ſhout?
Tis Mr. PITT, juſt *going* OUT.

MRS. BROWN.

Aye, there he goes, pray heav'n bleſs him!
Well may the people all careſs him.
—Lord, how my huſband us'd to ſit,
And drink ſucceſs to honeſt PITT,
And happy o'er his evening cheer,
Cry, you ſhall pledge this toaſt, my dear.

MAN.

Hiſt—ſilence—don't you hear the drumming?
Now, ladies, now, the KING's a coming.
There, don't you ſee the guards approach?

MRS.

MRS. BROWN.

Which is the King?

MRS. SCOT.

Which is the coach?

SCOTCHMAN.

Which is the noble EARL OF BUTE,
Geud-faith, I'll *gi* him a ſalute.
For he's the *Laird of aw our clan*,
Troth, he's a *bonny muckle man*.

MAN.

Here comes the Coach, ſo very ſlow
As if it ne'er was made to go,
In all the gingerbread of ſtate,
And ſtaggering under its own weight.

MRS. SCOT.

Upon my word, its *monſtrous* fine!
Would half the gold upon't were mine!
How gaudy all the gilding ſhews!
It puts *one*'s eyes out as it goes.
What a rich glare of various hues,
What ſhining yellows, ſcarlets, blues!
It muſt have coſt a heavy price;
Tis like a mountain drawn by mice.

MRS. BROWN.

So painted, gilded, and ſo large,
Bleſs me! 'tis like my lord mayor's barge.

And

And ſo it is — look how it reels !
'Tis nothing elſe — a barge on wheels.

MAN.

Large ! it can't paſs St. *James*'s gate,
So big the coach, the arch ſo ſtrait.
It might be made to rumble thro'
And paſs as other coaches do.
Could they a *body*-coachman get
So moſt prepoſterouſly fit,
Who'd undertake (and no rare thing)
Without a *head*, to drive the king.

MRS. SCOT.

Lard ! what are thoſe two ugly things
There — with their hands upon the ſprings,
Filthy, as ever eyes beheld,
With naked breaſts, and faces ſwell'd ?
What could the ſaucy maker mean,
To put ſuch things to fright the QUEEN ?

MAN.

Oh ! they are Gods, Ma'm, which you ſee,
Of the *Marine Society*.
Tritons, which in the ocean dwell,
And only riſe to blow their ſhell.

MRS. SCOT.

Gods, d'ye call thoſe filthy men ?
Why don't they go to ſea again ?

Pray, tell me, ſir, you underſtand,
What do theſe *Tritons* do on land?

MRS. BROWN.

And what are they? thoſe hindmoſt things,
Men, fiſh and birds, with fleſh, ſcales, wings?

MAN.

Oh, they are Gods too, like the others,
All of one family and brothers,
Creatures, which ſeldom come a-ſhore,
Nor ſeen about the King before.
For *Show*, they wear the *yellow Hue*,
Their *proper* colour is *True-blue*.

MRS. SCOT.

Lord bleſs us! what's this noiſe about?
Lord, what a tumult and a rout!
How the folks holla, hiſs, and hoot!
Well — Heav'n preſerve the EARL OF BUTE!
I cannot ſtay, indeed, not I,
If there's a riot I ſhall die.
Let's make for any houſe we can,
Do — give us ſhelter, honeſt man.

MRS. BROWN.

I wonder'd where you was, my dear,
I thought I ſhould have died with fear.
This noiſe and racketing and hurry
Has put my nerves in ſuch a flurry!

I could

I could not think where you was got,
I thought I'd loſt you, Mrs. *Scot*;
Where's Mrs. *Tape*, and Mr. *Grin?*
Lard, I'm ſo glad we're all got in.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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